PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1887.

NEW ENGLAND'S HORROR.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Vt. February 5.—The most disastrous and horrifying railroad accident everchronicled in the history of the New England States occurred this morning at about 2.20 o'clock, upon the Central Vermont railroad at the town of Hartford, about four or five miles distant probability that that number will be in-

The ill-fated train was composed of an enordinary car, or what is commonly

On reaching here the sleeping car St. Albans, which came up on the night train on the Connecticut River road, was joined to the train, which was so made up as to place the Pilgrim, the sleeper from Boston, in the rear. Here after a short wait the six cars were attached to the locomovive Baker, 84, considered one of the best engines on the road, with Charles Pierce as engineer.

The train started shortly after 2 in the morning at ordinary speed along the river which, high up among the Green mountains in the central part of the Green Mountain State, takes its rise. After entering the White River valley the railroad keeps generally

of the valley is such that the railroad must from time to time seek a better roadbed by bridging the stream and continuing its course on the other side. It was at the last of these bridges, following the river in its downward course, that the accident of this morning took place.

The train was in charge of Conductor Smith Startevant, an old railroader and esteemed wherever he is known and especially at St. Albans, where he resides with his wife and family. She glided along at a gait of twenty-live miles an hour, with Engineer Pierce at the throttle.

The usual echo incident to a train crossing a bridge soon impressed the engineer that he was crossing it. When across the bridge the sudden ringing of the bell in the engine cab caused Pierce to look out of the window on the right side. He looked back, and a sight met his gaze which brought his heart into his mouth. The rear end of the sleeper Pilgrim seemed to be canting off the track to one side. An instant later it seemed to sway still farther over, and a second or two still later it swung off the bridge altozether.

The engineer, who is probably the only living witness of the dree dful crash, all the while sought to stop the train, but it was too late. With a loud, tearing noise the "Pilgrim" went entirely off, and its sheer weight pulled the cars in front of it over; also the four passenger coaches toppled one over another, then rolled over and crashed through each other.

The engine, baggage and mail cars held

through each other.

The engine, baggage and mail cars held the rails and Crossed the Bridge in Safety.

A terrible scene then ensued. A few minutes of the utmost stillness, then a series of groans, followed by shricks for help and then the cries of fire. A few minutes later the whole four cars burst into a long sheet of h ne.

The unfortunate victims were left in a great measure to their own resources, although the few train hands who remained unhurt rendered what assistance

mained untuit rendered what assistance they could.

A brakeman who jumped as the train went over stated for the village to give the alaum. He aroused the household of the firmers mentioned, and they rushed to the burning pile with the alarm. At the village the whistling of the locomotives aroused the villagers, who went with all haste to assist those in need of aid, but upon their arrival the fire had accomplished in the main what the crash itself had failed to do.

do. Lhuge burning pile, which also embraced A fuge turning pile, which also emblaced the bridge, which took fire almost simultaneously with the appearance of the blaze in the cars, simply met their gaze. Men, naked and bruised, wandering about halt-dazed and seemingly lost, met their gaze, and from them alone could be learned the terrible sufferings endured by the unforunates before death ended their sufferings.

Survivors Tell the Story of the Awful

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Vt., February 5. -Charles M. Hosmer, a book-keeper of Lowell, was almost the only man on board who escaped without a scratch. He was asleep in the Boston sleeper when the train went off. The bumping of the car on the ties waked him. He started up and got up on his knees in his berth, when there came what he describes as a swaying, sickening motion of the car, fol lowed by a crash, darkness, a moment of silence, and then great confusion. He found

sure he was the first man out of the wreck. The fire was just breaking out in the those nearest him in his own car. He first helped out a man named Hutchins, who was somewhat injured. Just below where he crawled out was a lady begging for help. She was pinned down by her clothing, and Mr. Hosmer succeeded in releasing her by tearing off her clothes, so that she was

tearing off her clothes, so that she was naked when she reached the air.

It was bitter cold, ten below zero, and Mr. Hosmer himself was clad only in a shirt and pair of socks. He worked on, however, struggling to release all he could before the flames reached them. Two were burned to death before his eyes in the car he escaped from. He is quite sure the number of passengers in the car was twenty-two, and since the accident he has seen nine alive.

Montreal, the lady who came out of the wreck naked. She is badly injured about the spine.

Mr. Hosmer worked until the fire had spread so that no more could be reached, and then went to the house of Farmer Pingree, near by. He found that his teet were badly frost-bitten, and he was suffering severely by the exposure to the cold.

Andrew A. Wheeler of Flichburg had an awful experience. He was travelling to Montreal with Joseph E. Jacques, also of Fitchburg. They were awakened and seated at about the middle of the second regular passenger coach. They felt the car leave the rail and one of them sprang up and pulled the bell rope before the train went down to the river.

Wheeler knew nothing for some time after the cars took the awful plunge. When he regained consciousness the flames had almost reached him. He tried to move, and found that one loot was pinned cown immovably. Dying men and women were shrieking all around him. The car was lying on its side, and he saw a woman appear at a broken window above his head.

"For Christ's sake help me get my foot out." cried Wheeler.

A man crawled in with an axe just as the flames reached whoeler's head, and scorched his face. A few blows released him, and he crawled out. His friend Jacques was more seriously injured than he, but he got out of the wreck.

Way Recognizable.

Only Five Bodies of Thirty-nine in Any ing the treatment of American fishing ves-sels in Canadian waters, declaring itself in WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, Vt., February .-The work of recovering the bodies favor of retaliation to the extent of denying moves along slowly. At Undertaker Gates', to Canadian vessels in American ports the adjourned in the little village of Hartford, lie the right to purchase supplies.

Charred forms of thirty-one persons now, Mr. Berry presented a memorial of the

as can at present be estimated, of something like thirty-seven lives, with the thirty-nine. Of the thirty-one now in one to the cotton States the \$67,000,000 of cotplace, only five are in any manner recog-nizable.

The body of the Pullman car conductor the secretary of the interior for informatis not badly mutilated. The remains of a tion as to the Apache Indians held in conporter of one car are identified by the finement in Florida. Adopted.

served several terms as a member of Congress from the Charlotte district, and was elected Confederate State senator in 1862.

Mr. Jacob Rutzen Schuyler, lineal descendant of Philip Picterus Van Schuyler, who left Amsterdam, Holland, in 1650 and settled at Fort Orange, died at Bergen Point, Friday.

Jotham Wilson, who died in New York Thursday, was one of the oldest teachers and philanthropists in the city. He was born in 1806, and came to New York in 1825.

Hon. Chandler J. Wells died in Buffalo Friday. in the seventy-third year of his age. He was elected mayor of Buffalo in 1866.

Brigadier-General Vladimir Krzyzanowski, one of the Polish revolutionists of 1846 and a veteran of the civil war, died in New York Monday. For his patriotism in the revolution of 1846 General Krzyzanowski had to fly from Poland. He served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac. After the war he was a government of died in California, and for a year.

deem justand suitable.

Among other bills passed were the following: Senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the nedical destricts of the army. (It provides that assistant surgeons who have served twenty years shall be appointed to the office of surgeon with the rank of major.

Senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the ing: senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the ing: senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the ing: senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the ing: senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the ing: senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the ing: senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the ing: senate bill with amendment, establishing the order of promotion in the army. (It provides that assistant surgeons with the rank of major. Senate bill with amendment shall consist of confer brevet rank on army officers for galantservices in Indian campaigns.

Ho

Our Naval Weakness.

House of Representatives for an engrossed copy of the lost bill to forfeit certain lands of the Northern Pacific railroad was ordered to be complied with.

Mr. George, from the committee on agriculture, reported back favorably the House bill appropriating \$10,000 (to be immediately available) for special distribution of seeds in the drought-stricken section of Texas by the agricultural department. The bill was passed.

the Gardner gun, which is known the world over.

Mrs. Estelle Potter, for many years a well-known actress, died in Cleveland, O., aged 63 years. Her husband, John S. Potter, was one of the earliest theatrical managers in Cleveland. Mrs. Potter was a member of stock companies in Cleveland for fifteen years, and also played leading roles all over the country.

Very Rev. Matthew A. McGrave, vicargeneral of the Catholic diocese of Wilmington, Del., died on the 4th inst., aged 67 years. He was born in Dublin, Ireland.

Sophia Congdon of Willimantic, Conn., died on Wednessaw at the great age of 110 years and 7 months. There is said to be no doubt about her age.

Mr. George F. Fariey, who died in Boston

Mr. Allison, chairman of the commutee

ports of the country could be raided by any fifth rate may all power—by Chill. Chine, Jarvan and Javan a

Mr. Dawes offered a resolution calling on the secretary of the interior for informations was ordered printed.

Mr. Taulbee of Kentucky, as a privileged Mr. Taulbee of Kentucky, as a privilezed question, called up the message of the President vetoing the bill granting a pension to Carter W. Tiller. The pension was granted on the ground that Mr. Tiller was the dependent father of a soldier who died in Andersonville prison. The veto is based on the President's belief that Mr. Tiller is neither deserving nor dependent. After debate the House refused to pass the bill over the veto—136 to 115.

Mr. Norwood of Georgia, from the committee on naval affairs, reported a joint resolution authorizing the secretary of the navy to readvertise for bids for the construction of cruiser No. 1, and contract for its construction for any sum which, together with the cost of equipment, not including the armament, shall not exceed \$1,300,000. Committee of the whole.

Mr. McAdoo of New Jersey introduced a bill to provide for the manufacture of first-class modern guns for the uavy and seacoast defence. Referred to committee on military affairs.

The bill appropriates \$20,000,000 to be expend-

Ament was offered.

Age that no part of the appearance of the appearance of the personal experience of

7 to 73. Mr. Butterworth of Ohio offered an

Mr. Butterworth of Ohio offered an amendment reducing from three-quarters to one-half of the value of the animal when sound, the compensation which may be allowed owners of cattle for animals slaughtered under the provisions of this act. Agreed to—110 to 3%.

Without concluding the consideration of the bill, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

FRIDAY.—The time of the Senate was occupied today by a hot debate on Senator Beck's bill to prohibit senators from acting as railroad attorneys. Mr. Hoar's amend-Beck's bill to prohibit senators from acting as railroad attorneys. Mr. Hoar's amendment to the bill, making "it unlawful for a member of Congress to accept employment as an attorney in opposition to the United States in any case to which the United States may be a party, or in which its interests may be concerned, or for any subsidized railroad company, if such member have cause to believe that measures specially affecting the interests of such railroad are pending defore Congress, or are about to be so pending during his term of office" (which was in the nature of a substitute to the original bill), was agreed to, 26 to 21.

The debate on an amendment offered by Mr. Saulsbury as a substitute to the substitute reported by the judiciary committee led to considerable asperity between Messrs. Beck and Saulsbury.

Mr. Hoar characterized the original bill as a grossiy unconstitutional, awkward, cruce, ill-drawn, ill-considered, ill-conceived system, which was not only an insult to the Senate, but an insult to the American people. The bill was not the outcome of any popular or public demand. It came from anonymous articles published by blackmallers and stock jobbers in irresponsible newspapers. He had heard enough of the arrogant, insulting, domineering style attempting to irighten senators from what they considered their duty.

Mr. Beck demanded the yeas and nays upon the passage of the bill, stating that there was nothing in it he cared much about, but that the House of Recresentatives might put something in it, and he wanted to give the House a chance.

The bill was then passed—yeas, 29: nays, 14. The following is the text of the bill:

That it shall be unlawful for any member of either house of Congress to accept employment as attorney-at-law, or payment of services of any kind, in opposition to the United States in any case to which the United States may be a party.

ACROSS THE WATER.

The Italians Come in for a Share of Soudan Troubles-

Speculations on Peace Now in Order on the Continent.

ng Germany, and Prince Bismarck's sol claim to present notice lies in the fact that with Marshal von Moltke he is determined

The state of the control of the cont

French, the Arabs, alike looked with no favor on this new attempt at colonizing Italians on the shores of the Red Sea, while the soldiers themselves were more than half mutnous at being condemned to stay at such a barren and desolate spot. During the last three years, much was hoped from the irsening the Arabs, and at one time it was hoped that they could make a short cut across the desert and relieve a garrison at Kassala which had been holding out against the Soudan Arabs. Pleasant little fictions have occasionally appeared in print of the Italaccasionally appeared in print of the Italians and Abyssinians co-operating to beat

Two Little Girls Die in a Chtcago Conflagration.

CHICAGO, February 5.—At a fire in the house of John Zimmerman on Thirty-third street last evening, two children were suffocated. At the time of the fire, the oldest daughter, Mary, was visiting a friend, and had left the two little girls, Leva, aged about 4 years, and Emma, aged six, alone. When the fact of the presence of the children in the house was made known to the firemen, two of the men entered the house and found the younger sister upon the bed with her head covered by the pillow, and the elder im a stairway leading to the attic, where she had evidently run in her fright. Both children were dead.

FOUR SCHOOL-GIRLS BURNED

While Asleep in the School House at Ste. Monique, Que.

MONTREAL, Que, February 4.—The inhabitants of the county of Two Mountains were startled yesterday morning on learning that the school house at Ste. Monique, about thirty mites from here, had been destroyed during the night by fire, and that four younger girls who were in it.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

had perished in the flames. It appears that three scholars, aged 10, 11 and 12 years respectively, daughters of Mr. Ambroise Gravel of Ste. Monique, and another young girl, daughter of Mr. Joseph Fozget, slept in the place during the night. The schoolmistress was absent, and, during the night, the place took fire, and was burned to the ground. The origin of the fire is shrouded in mystery. The charred remains of the four young girls were found among the ashes,

alone responsible for the suffering of the tenants. The tenants could, without difficulty, have paid the amount asked, one-half year's rent out of five (in most cases), and it is an extraordinary fact that until the appearance of Mr. Harrington on the scene they were willing to do so, and some actually did settle.

Both Sides Claim to be

Episcopal Centennial.

London, February 4.—The service in Lambeth Palace Chapel to commemorate consecration there in 1787 of the first bishops of the Episcopal Church in America, was sheld today. Among those who took part were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the An Eviction Story Retold—Notes of Interest.

The war rumors which were flying thick and fast last week are now gradually clearing away, and the fact that there is to be no serious trouble seems to be a general belief. As a result, the week has been prolific with rumors of peaceful settlements, which are, it may well be believed, as little reliable as the war scares, but seem to indicate that a reaction is taking place in public opinion. Austria and Russia are said to have found means of agreement on the Bulgarian question; France disclaims any idea of attacking Germany, and Prince Bismarck's sole

King George opened the Greek Parliament in person. In his speech he said that at present the foreign relations of Greece were normal, and that, on this account, the state was enabled to attend to its home officers. He urged the adoption, however, of such financial measures as were necessary to preserve the honor and guard the prestige of Greece, "now," he declared, "more than ever indispensable to Hellenism."

Detroit, February 6.—What promises to be the most novel contest ever presented there has been arranged to come off on the stage of the Detroit Opera House on February 8. It is a horseshoe-making contest for \$250 a side and the championship of the United States between M. J. Dunn of this city and John Campbell of Buffalo, N. Y. The rules of this contest are as follows: The tron to be taken from a straight bar, twelve inches long, three-fourths by three-eights in size, bent in the centre, drawn over the horn of the anvil with hammer

selection the place during the subs during the subs during the shool matters was about and during the shool matter was about and during the to the ground The critical of the first of the two payers. The charged remains the contained the property of the property of the contained the subsection of the first of the payers. The contained with a subsection of the first of the payers of the contained the subsection of the first of the payers. The contained the subsection of the payers of the contained the subsection of the payers of t

Winning.

Theeats Being Made to Stop Traffic Entirely.

The Difficulties Experienced by Ocean Steamships.

The strike of freight handlers in New York, Jersey City and other places continues more fiercely than ever. The most panies to get men to do the work, but in spite of all their efforts they are not very successful. A large number of Hungarians, Italians

and Poles have been set to work, with very unsatisfactory results. The wharves are in many cases neglected; in some the freight is piled up waiting for help to be moved; n other cases shippers have given notice that they cannot receive perishable freight, while worst of all, believing that they could

vicinity last week at 40,000, against about 30,000 the week before. Reviewing the situation that journal says:

Published by Archbishop Corrigan.

Dr. McGlynn denies the right of bishop, propaganda or Pope to punish him for his political opinions, unless they directly contravene the Christian religion. He denies the right of bishop, propaganda or pope situation that journal says:

The year 1886 is noteworthy for an unustate number of strikes, but the list of strikes the right of bishop, propaganda or pope situation that journal says:

The year 1886 is noteworthy for an unustate number of strikes, but the list of strikes the right of bishop, propaganda or pope is unique to reder him to kome. He charges the present officials of the church as receasing the following and Copernieus, and asys: "It seems that they are lated to repeat this crime and blunder, and to add another to the man level opported and copernieus, and fare part a hindrance rather than a help in the way of bringing to the whole world the light, the purity and the comfort that come from the teachings and ministration of wages, although they were receiving. He is wrome. He belongs to a church whole world the way of bringing to the whole world the way of bringing to the whole world the light, the purity and the comfort that come from the teachings and ministrations. Rev. H. W. Beecher says: "Morally, Father McGlynn is right; ecclesiastically, he is wrome. He belongs to a church whole world the way of bringing to the world way of the world was and if he were a Freestent clergyman and if he were a Freestent clergyman and if he were a Freestent clergyman and the were a Fr

Fifty Persons Killed on the

Central Vermont Railroad.

The Train Falls Off a Bridge to the
Frezen River and Takes Fire.

Heartrending Scenes of Death, With
No Aid Possible.

Veloped all the cars and set fire to the bridge.

Miss Emily O. Lovell of Montreal was the only woman on the train to escape unhourt. She took the New York sleeper at Springfield with her brother-in-law, Frank Wesson, of the firm of Smith & Wesson, of the fir

from this place, resulting in the loss, to far

gine, a baggage, a mail. a smoking coach known as a day ceach, and two sleepers The mam part of the train is made up at Poston and left there at 7 o clock last even ing and reached here last night an hour and twenty minutes late. This was due to ordinary causes, such as snow, etc., and heavy travelling.

On reaching here the sleeping car St

taking advantage of the opportunity to avoid the high hills with which the State is more than amply supplied, but the contour of the valley is such that the railroad must from time to time seek a better roadbed by

Disaster.

himself pinned down by a heavy weight across his thighs. He was within reach of of a window, which he broke, and soon he succeeded in wriggling out. He is quite passenger coach which had been in front of his car. He turned his attention first to

Brigadier-General Vladimir Krzyzanowski, one of the Polish revolutionists of 1846 and a veteran of the civil war, died in New York Monday. For his patriotism in the revolution of 1846 General Krzyzanowski had to thy from Poland. He served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac. After the war he was a government officer in California, and for a year was governor of Alaska.

Thomas J. Guerin died in New York on the 31st ult, aged 89. He published a periodical under the name of "The Republic of Letters," very much after the style of the present "Seaside Library," and he reproduced therein the works of many European novelists, including those of Sir Watter Scott.

Captain William Gardner, the inventor of the Gardner gun, has recently died in England. Over twenty years ago he invented the Gardner gun, which is known the world over.

Mrs. Estelle Potter, for many years a well-

succeeded in reaching a farmhouse near by, but they were unable to be of any assistance in aiding others in the wreck. Indeed, it was too late, for the fire had already enveloped all the cars and set fire to the

MONDAY. -Mr. Hoar presented resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature concern-

The sundry civil appropriation bill was then taken up for consideration. The total amount for public buildings was about

WEDNESDAY .- The request from the

died on Wednesday at the great age of 110 gears and 7 months. There is said to be no doubt about her age.

Mr. George F. Farley, who died in Boston on the 1st inst., was the only son of the late thon. George F. Farley of Groton, a prominant free-soiler and for many years one of the leaders of the Massachusetts bar.

Dr. Luther Martin Knight of Franklin ing all its side, broken store in the strick of the many corps under General Hancock.

The strick of the Massachusetts bar.

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After some discussion Mr. Teller of Colorado said that a few days ago the admiral of the navy had sent to a distinguished member of the Have as a strick of the mass and ships.

After some discussion Mr. Teller of the navy had sent to a distinguished member of the Have as a strick of the mass and ships.

After some discussion Mr. Teller of the navy had sent to a distinguished mem

officers and crew to manceuvre her intelligently. Therein she has the advantage over submarine boats, which must often prope blindly for their adversaries. Swift, somblining the offensive power of the toroged boat and the cruiser, armored, and presenting but a slight and quickly-moving target to an enemy's guns, she seems to fill all the conditions required for aggressive harbor defence. The inventor of the Monitor has received several offers from foreign powers for the purchase of the Destroyer, but has patriotically refused to dispose of her to any one but the United States.

about thirty miles from here, had been destroyed during the night by fire, and that four young girls who were in it

until they were cloved on it and tramped it under foot; then to make miss and other than the inder foot; then to make miss and other than the control of the

ABOUND TISS TARE

ABOUND TISS TARE

AND TISS TARE

of pullets in September (May chickens) of egg-producing breeds; and second and egg-producing breeds; and second and most important of all, perhaps, the provision of warm, comfortable houses in which said pullets could be kept warm, dry and clean. The pullets were kept free of verning the swelled oats exclusively but as a change. They are one of the best foods that can be given. sion of warm, comfortable houses in which

where the street make the proper high constraints of the constraints o

How to Make Heus Lay During the Winter.

According to a recent issue of the Rural New Yorker the hens kept have been laying fairly well all winter, although in neighboring poultry yards no eggs have been produced. Just what makes this difference in favor of the Rural's hens is an important matter, for hens that lay in cold weather are exceptions to the general rule, as a great majority of farmers will testify. The secret appears to be, first, the selection of pullets in September (May chickens) of egg. -producing breeds; and second and prost important of all previous and second and manner. Oats make excellent food for father.

Looking to spring and transp'anting we say, first dig your holes and supply medlow, rich soil in place of all the poor soil that comes out of them. Years ago, when the Kural show been laying fairly well all winter, although in helpful to the less, both evergreen and deciduous, than we have, is rarely to be found. The roots of young trees soon grow out of the hole prepared for their reception; but a good start in the case of a tree is more important and helpful than in the case of a corn plant.

Soak oats in hot water over night and feed warm to the hens early in the morning, and they will eat all you will allow them. Years ago, when the sake him further, so Barney, with blasted to take him further, so Barney, with blasted to take him further, so Barney, with blasted to the soil that comes out of them. Years ago, when the sake him further, so Barney, with place of all the poor soil that to meet say, first dig your holes and supply meelow, the sake him further, so Barney, with place of all the poor soil that to sake him further, so Barney, with place of all the poor soil that to sake him further, so Barney, with place of all the poor soil that to sake him further, so Barney, with place of all the poor soil that to sake him further, so Barney, with place of all the poor soil that to sake him further, so Barney, with place of all the poor soil that to sake him further, so Barney, with poor so

easily bears the palm as a remarkable genius in his way. It is safe to say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say well known on the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say well known on the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say well known on the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say well known on the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say well known on the same of the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that for half a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the south to south a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the south a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the south a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the south a century the name of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the same of the incomprehensible Barney has been say that the same of the incomprehe hensible Barney has been as well known on the Cape as that of any being that ever had the breath of life. To the older inhabitant Barney Gould and Cape Cod are as indissolseth rigged me up in a hair suit, fixed a simile of the first issue of the paper.

Enow where he belonged. Down in Charleston with matter of interest to women. The New Orleans Picayune celebrated its semi-centennial January 25 by printing a special number with an interesting factories. Seth rigged me up in a hair suit, fixed a simile of the first issue of the paper. "Devil," relating to the art of printing, is

more than regular postage rates when three cents was the rate was that he would never start an opposition to the government under

OUER OLD BARNEY GOULD,

Who Would Walk Hundreds

of Miles for a Dime.

Who Would Walk Hundreds

of Miles for a Dime.

The First Expressman and Animated

Mail Bag of Cape Cod.

His Trips and Adventures All Over
the United States.

Hand Hyannis, Mass., January 30.—Barney
Gould!

Hyannis Mand Hyannis Mandred Gelevation of the man bear of the world of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be the sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be the sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the plant of the following sold like. Californis? Yes, I did not be sold of the plant of the

called the 'Wild man of the forest,' that the breath of life. To the older inhabitant and the breath of life. To the older inhabitant and the breath of life. To the older inhabitant and the breath of life. To the older inhabitant and the breath of life. To the older inhabitant and the breath of life. The subject of this sketch has a cast of features the countercart of that of an Exyptan mummy. His age is a myth, he has been known to that prous chestnut, the "old est inhabitant," since the latter wore swadded est inhabitant, since the latter wore swadded est inhabitant, since the latter wore swadded est inhabitant, since the latter wore swadded the sin thabitant, since the latter wore swadded est inhabitant, since the latter wore swadded to great the state of the swall shaded the state of the swall shaded the state of the swall shaded to state the latter wore swadded est inhabitant, since the latter wore swadded the swadded est inhabitant, since the latter wore swadded the swadded est inhabitant, since the latter wore swadded to swadded the swadded the

A MAIDEN FAIR.

Henry Talcott Mills in Judge ! Her cheeks like the fairest rose; In sweet, inclodious trobles
Her voice runs like the stream that flows So bitthely o'er the pebbles. Her eyes—unfathomed depths of blue— Flash forth as clean and bright As all the silvery startings do Which stud the sky at night.

Her flowing tresses, uncontrolled, Fali o'er her shoulders' whiteness. It seems as if a mass of gold Hung loose in all its brightness. Her two lips form a rosy gate, From out of which there comes sometimes the tune of some sweet song, Which she so softly hums.

She is the fairest in the land. There's no maid half so pretty; That I can't win her heart and hand Is really quite a pity.
But to the man who wins her heart—
I'll drink his health in water, Though he will very cruelly part Me and my little daughter

Expensive Condolence for Mrs. Logan (Washington Letter in Chicago News.)
"Did you know," said a well-known Illinois gentleman to me today, "that it cost Mrs. Logan over \$30 to pay for telegraph messages of condolence at the time of the general's death?"

"Condolence messages sent collect?"
"Yes; a great many of them were sent "Yes; a great many of them were sent collect, but as her residence is outside the city limits the telegraph company charged for message service in delivering them at the rate of ten cents per message, and she received several hundred messages."

"I remember," remarked a rentleman who stood by, "being at Garrield's house the time he was elected, and a great many messages of congratulation received by him were sent collect. One of them came from a famous actor, who would never be consciously guilty of such a thing. He had probably sent the message to the telegraph office by a hotel bellboy, supposing that it would be charged in his bill, and the operator made Garfield pay for it."

[New Hartford (Conn.) Tribune.]
The Torrington Register's "Early Days" schemie time, and got there. On his long jaunts he never failed to get all he wanted to eat; his wit was enough.

On Cape Cod Any Housewife was glad enough to have him for a guest during a méal, as he furnished sufficient innocent merriment to more than compensate for the outlay, while he knew and told all that was going on.

The strange genius has been interviewed but once, and that by The Globe. Barney was found on the street in Hyannis and invited up to the hotel, and there informed that he was wanted as the subject of an article. He was coy at first, pretending not to care about having piece of sliver about the size of a stove lid was thrust into his palm, which was closed so compactly over that coin that a derrick couldn't have got that in and open; then, heavens! how he taiked. The combined

The family whose windows overlooked a

1		gul:	Wook
	Arthur's Home Magazine	\$2.00	\$2.
	American Rural Home	1.00	1.
1	American Dairyman (new subs)	1.50	2.
	Art Interchange Magazine American Poultry Journal		3.
1	Atlantic Monthly	4.00	4.
	American Garden	2.00	3.
1	American Grooer	3.00	3. 2.
1	Art Amateur	4.00	4.
١	Army& Navy Journal (only new subsi Book Buyer	1.00	6.
	Banner Weekly Brainerd's Musical World	8.00 1.60	3.
1	Burlington Hawkeye	1.00	1.
1	Ballou's Magazine Bee-keeper's Magazine		2.
l	Babyland	.50	1.
1	Boston Medical Journal	5.00	8.
Į	Boston Medical and Surgical Journal Christian Leader	2.50	8.
1	Century Magazine	4.00	4
į	Ohristian Union	1.50	8.
ļ	Cassell's Magazine of Art "Family Magazine	3.50	3.
Ì	" Quiver	1.50	2.
l	Country Gentleman		3.
Į	Ohristian Herald	1.50	2
į	Chantaugna Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.
Į	Decorator and Furnisher Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	4.
I	Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.
1	Domestic Monthly, with premiums. Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	2.
Ì	Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00 5.00	4.
ļ	Engineering News	4.00	4.
l	Farm, Field and Stockman		2.
	Floral Cabinet	1.25	2,
1	Forney's Progress	2.50	2.
1	Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly) "Sunday Magazine (M'y)	4.00	4.
Ì	" Popular Monthly	3.00	3.
Į	Figuration floors (MY)	1.75	2.
l	Forest and Stream Germantown Telegraph Green's Fruit Recorder	2.00	2.
	Gardner's Monthly	2.00	2.
	Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.
1	Golden Days (for young people) Harper's Magazine	3.00	3.
1	Harper's Weekly	4.00	4.
1	Harper's Bazar	2.00	4.
I	Herald of Health, without premiums	1.00	1.
1	Home and Farm	1.00	1.
l	Home Decorator	2.00	2.
I	Home Journal	2.00	2.
l	Indiana Farmer		3.
I	Iowa Homestead.	2.00	2.
	Journal of Microscopy	2.50	3.
ļ	Leisure Hours, with premium Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	2.
I	London Quarterly Review	4.00	4.
	Littell's Living Age	5.00	8.
I	Magazine American History Mining Record	5.00	8.
	North American Review	5,00	5.
	N. Y. Medical Journal	5.00	5.1
	N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.1
	N. Y. Critic	3.00	3.1
	N. Y. Weekly	3.00	8.
	New Princeton Review	3.00	3.
	Our Little Mon and Women	1.00	1.8
	Ohio Farmer	1.00	5.0
	Phrenological Journal, without prem.	2.00	2,5
	Phrenological Journal, with prem	1.00 2.25	1.8
	Practical Farmer	2.00	2.1
	Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.0
	Popular Science News	5.00	1.8
ı	Presbyterian Review	3.00	3.6
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THE FATAL NAME.

BY JULES DE GASTYNE.

Translated from the French for THE GLOBE by

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIII.

Paule remained silent, her whole soul contained in the look with which she contemplated him.

He was there, close to her, alive.

There was no blood on his breast; no trace of his wound.

She read in his looks the supernatural love which animated him.

Some minutes passed thus, unutterable minutes, belonging more to heaven than earth. arth. Nevertheless, some anxiety still remained

Nevertheless, some anxiety still remained in Paule's mind.
Why had he wished to die?
She questioned him gently.
"You wished then to abandon me, O my well beloved, O soul of my soul! You had then ceased to believe in me, to hone?"
He had a sudden shock, as if awakened with a start from the delicious dream, and he answered eagerly:
"No, no. I did not doubt you."
"You wished to die?"
"Yes, to rejoin you."
"You believed you would seeme no more? They separated us brutally. I will tell you."

"Unable to be yours in this life, I was going to await you in the other."
"And why should you not be mine? I made you a vow; I will keep it. I hope only for the moment when I can keep it, when, hand in hand, at the foot of the altar I can consecrate to you the years, the hours, the days, the minutes which yet remain to rea."

He murmured in a feeble voice: "It was a beautiful dream."
"And who could prevent us from realiz

ing it?"
"All? The past, the terrible past," "I have forgotten the past."
"I have forgotten the past. I think of it only to love you the more. Far from repelling me, it attracts me. I love it, for it permits me to show you how I love you myself."

elf."
Octave said in a hollow voice:
"The others do not forget it."
She said, astonished ...
"The others."
"Yes, the others, my enemies, all the world, all society which is against us."
He was gradually growing excited and nervous.
The gentle vision disappeared, and the brutal reality rose up before him again.
He said: He said:
"Do you know why we tried to die, my mother and 1?"

mother and 1."

"Ne."
"Ne."
"Our secret is known to every one since this morning. We can no longer escape it. I am no longer Octave. My mother is no longer the lady in black, Madame Gillette. I am the son of an assassin, and my mother is his widow."

Paule shuddered.
"An dwho could?" she stammered.
"A newspaper . . . A newspaper which was addressed to us here, to our name, to the cursed name of Gaillarden, with a dishonoring epithet coupled with this name. And in this newspaper what did I read? An account of the trial, written by an old magistrate."
Mademoiselle Drouet stood erect, but outvering.
"A newspaper? . . An old magis-

ouivering.
"A newspaper? . . . An old magistrate? . . . I know whence it came."
"I suspected it."
"It is he, the wretch! . . . his father.
In this way, doubtless, he hopes to obtain

"It is he, the wretch! . . . his father. In this way, doubtless, he hopes to obtain me."

"By annihilating me," murmured Octave.
"And he has succeeded well, for it is well over with me—with us now."

Paule shuddered.

"What do you mean?"
He answered in a feverish voice:
"Yes, he has struck me more surely than with a dagger. What can we do? If your father himself were to come to me today to offer me your hand, would I not be obliged to refuse it?"

"Why?"

"Because I should have to bear the remorse of dragging you into my misfortune and shame. Does not what has just happened prove that here below wrong is never forgotten? Live your life. Follow your destiny, which is perhaps to be happy, and leave us, my mother and me, to our fatal, desperate fate."

He had uttered these words with a feeling of inexpressible bitterness.

Paule quickly seized his hand.
"Why speak so to me? For me, happiness is by your side. I know and I hope for no other. You helieve my love too feeble to bear with you the trials which are, perhaps, in store for you. Then you do not love me as I love you."

He interrupted her quickly.
"And who would not love you, dear angel, as you deserve to be loved? No. I love you and my mother, and the love which I feel for you is stronger yet than the filial love which I have for her who has nursed me,

instered me, cared for hie. And it is because I love you, because I place you above everything that exists, that I would remove you from me, put you away from my despised and unhappy life. I should suffer a hundred times more if I suffered with you."

you."
"As for me." said Paule, "suffering with you would be sweeter to my heart than joy with another."
He seized her dear head in his hands and covered it with kisses.
It was the first time that their lips had

met.
She was growing faint with happiness. She was growing faint with happiness.

'Oh! yes." he cried, "God has crated
you for me. He has sent you on earth to
console me, to compensate, by the excess of
happiness that your life gives me, for the
excess of pain which I found in my cradle."

She listened to him as if in ecstacy.

"You will no longer despair?"

"No, no, never!"

"You swear it to me?"

"Ou my life, ou my mother!"

"You swear it to me?"
"Ou my life, on my mother!"
"We have not much longer to wait, perhaps. In two mouths I shall be free, mistress of my actions. And until then I shall be in safety. We can see and talk with each other." ach other."
"I am the happiest of men."
He took her again in his arms, but could think of no expressions to paint his raptur-

ous transport.
In the other room, the door of which had remained open, Madamoiselle Aurelia and the mother, already friends, were talking

the mother, already friends, were talking together.

This first moment of effusion past, Octave questioned Paule.
She told him all, the scene with her father after the duel, the precipitate departure, and her life at Angiers, and finally the story of her flight.

"But your father?" he said.

"My father does not know where I am. I will write to my mother to reassure her. She will understand me."

"But your rather must know of your flight. They must have telegraphed him."

"Without doubt."

"He will make a search for you."

"They will not tind me at Assieres."

"But here! If you were watched?"

"Here? He has been here three times already."

"You see. Did the janitress tell you?"

"Yes."

"But she will inform him that she has

But she will inform him that she has seen you?"
"No; she will say nothing. I have paid her."
No matter! It is not prudent. You must not come here again."
"No, you must come to see me."
"Beginning tomorrow."
"And take care that they do not follow

you."
"Be tranquil. I am too afraid of losing "Se tranquil. I am too afraid of losing you not to take every precaution."
"So this programme pleases you?" she said with a laugh.
"Pleases me! It will transform into paradise the life of torment in which I have thus far lived."
"And you will wait its realization with patience?"

"And you will wait its realization with patience?"

"No reality could wake me from this radiant dream."

"Are you quite sure? Even if they should commit new infamies."

"What I felt more than all was your absence. Now that I know where to find you. I shall see you every day."

"Every day I will await you."

They would have gone on talking a long time, all night, perhaps, if Mademoisele Aurelia had not crossed the threshold.

She entered, laughing.

"I see, Paule," she said, "that the time does not seem long to you."

The young girl turned.

She said to Octave:

"This is Aurelia, the friend of whom I have told you; a devoted friend, who watches over me like a mother."

Octave rose and offered her his hand.

"I will not offer you," he said, "commonplace thanks. You are already dear to me for the friendship which you show Paule."

"Paule is my best friend," responded the young girl. "I should have no reason for not rendering her a service, and I do not merit thanks. Unhappily, I have great fear pf shortly incurring her disgrace."

"Paule looked at her.

"My disgrace?"

"Yes, for I come to remind you of the hour."

"The hour? It is not late," cried the

Octave did not seek to detain her. He did not believe her safe at his home.

They gave each other a last embrace.
The mother had also entered the room.
She took Paule in her arms and embraced

her with effusion.

'Thank you," she said, "thank you for all the joy you have given him!"

She could not say more. Her tears choked her?

"Y

the joy you have given him!"

She could not say more. Her tears choked her.

Aurelia seized her friend by the hand and drew her away.

Octave took his hat.

"I am going to escort you."

"No, no," said the teacher, "that might ruin us all. Remain here."

"Nevertheless".

"Remain," said Paule, "Aurelia wishes it."

"I'do not wish it, I demaud it," said the good girl, laurhing.

Octave could only obev.

When they had gone he opened the window and followed them with his eyes along the avenue.

Theywalked rapidly and soon disappeared. It seemed to him that everything around him became dark, and he quickly closed the window again; he wished to go to bed to think of her. This day, which had opened for him in so mournful a way, closed in a dazzling apotheosis. On his table, he perceived the wrapper of the newspaper which had been sent him; he lit it in the candle, threw it in the grate and saw it burn to the conditions of th They walked rapidly and soon disappeared.
It seemed to him that everything around him became dark, and he quickly closed the window again; he wished to go to bed to think of her. This day, which had opened for him in so mournful a way, closed in a dazzling apotheosis. On his table, he perceived the wrapper of the newspaper which had been sent him; he lit it in the candle, threw it in the grate and saw it burn to serve.

asher.
So, he thought the past had melted in the heat of love; but unfortunately this was another illusion, and his trials were not another illusion, and his trials were not another illusion.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day following the 14th of July the little waiting-room of the prefect of police, situated at the head of the great stone staircase of the prefecture, opposite the court house, was obstructed with people of both saxes, who all appeared to wait with feverish impatience for the prefect to commence his audience; but, nevertheless, none of the visitors of either sex appeared so agitated as one of our characters, Paule's father, M. Drouet.

as one of our characters, Paule's father, M. Drouet.

He has been there almost half an hour, and has sent in a letter of recommendation from one of his superiors in the War Department, but he has not yet been called.

He has had no news of Paule since her disappearance. The day of the 14th he passed entirely in searching for her.

When night came he had ceased, overpowered with fatigue, thinking that Paule was still at Angiers, and that he would receive in the evening a reassuring telegram. But the evening bassed without news, his wife not ceasing to lament and weep, for she believed that some misfortune had come to her daughter.

The night had passed in sleeplessness and frights. At each instant it seemed to them that they heard a noise on the siaircase, the peal of a bell in the hall; but nothing.

The day dawned with no change in the

othing.
The day dawned with no change in the

nothing.

The day dawned with no change in the situation. M. Drouet leaped out of bed, dressed, and was driven to the Passage de Clichy. There the janitress, who had, as we have seen, received a piece of gold from Paule, responded in a sulien tone that she had seen no one, and, as she appeared in no humor for along conversation, the employe returned home, more disconcerted than ever, beginning, like his wife, to fear some accident. There he found a letter from Angiers. Notwithstanding the most active search, they had found no traces of the fugitive. They believed, however, that she had left for Paris. M. Drouet made up his mind.

"I am going to the prefecture," he said to his wife.

The latter exclaimed:

"To the prefecture! . . . employ the police!"

"What do you want us to do? I will ask one of the heads of the office to give me a letter to the prefect. How do we know what may have heapened? Our daughter may have been assassinated."

The mother shuddered.

"If she were al ve, she would not have the cruelty to leave us without news."

Madame Drouet did not try to restrain him.

"Do as you think best," she said.

Madame Drouet did not try to restrain him.

"Do as you think best." she said.

The employe had hardly disappeared when the janitress came un with a letter. The missive, addressed to Madame Drouet personally, was in an unknown writing. "Do not be anxious about Paule," said the anonymous note; she is alive; she loves you always; she is in no danger. Do not speak of this letter eitner to your husband or to anyone, if you wish to receive other news." For signature: "A devoted friend," Madame Drouet racked her brain without being able to guess who this devoted friend could be. She looked at the envelope. No stamp.

It must have been brought. She questioned the janitress. It had come by a messenger."

by a messenger.
"From where?"
She did not know. She had not thought

She did not know. She had not thought to ask the man.

Nevertheless. Madame Drouet, although greatly puzzled by this mystery, was somewhat reassured.

But she was not entirely at ease.

What course should she take when her husband returned?

Communicate to him the contents of the letter, in spite of the recommendation?

Or should she leave him, on the contrary, in ignorance of this incident?

It seemed to her that it would be cruelty not to reassure him in regard to his daughter's fate.

onger confide in her.
While the mother was thus considering what to do, M. Drouet was pacing with his everish step the waiting-room of the pre-At last the officer opened the door and

"M. Drouet?" "M. Drouet?"
The employe stopped suddenly.
"It is I," he said.
"Have the goodness to follow me."
In front of M. Drouet the officer opened

In front of M. Drouet the omeer opened a door.

"Enter, monsieur."

Then he closed it upon him.

The employe took a few steps, perceived the perfect at his desk and bent himself double.

The functionary saluted him slightly, without leaving his papers, and pointed to an arm-chair beside him.

"It is you, monsieur, who brought me a letter?"

"Yes, monsieur prefect."

Paule's father did not make him say it twice.

twice.
"Please tell me in a few words, the object of your visit."
M. Drouet related what brought him there.
"And you believe she is in Paris?"
"I have every reason to believe it.

"Thave every reason to believe it, monsieur prefect."

"You must see the chief of detectives, give him all the details, the description of this young person. I will amounce you."

The prefect serzed a telephone, said a few words, and then turned to his visitor.

"The chief of detectives awaits you."

Mr. Drouet rose and lowed to the floor.

"I thank monsieur prefect very much for his kindness."

At the chief's office the employe of the War Department was not kept waiting, but was received at once.

"It is a case," said the officer, "of a young girl disappeared."

"Yes, monsieur."

"She was in a boarding-school at Angers, monsieur prefect has told me?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Was it day before yesterday that she ran

"Was it day before yesterday that she ran away?"

"Jay before yesterday, yes, monsieur."

"And to come to Paris?"

"I believe so, yes, monsieur, unless some accident has happened to her."

"At Paris, it is hardly to be presumed that she would go alone to a hotel. Lo you know any friend capable of giving her refuge?"

M. Drouet seemed to reflect an instant, and then said.

"I do not see: no, monsieur."

"And you are sure that they have not seen her at the Pass ge de Chehy."

"The janitress has so told me."

"It is there, however, that one would be likely to discover her."

"Probably, unless she wrote to the young man to inform him of the place of her retreat."

"That might also be. In that case, we

"That might also be. In that case, we

"That might also be. In that case, we must follow the young man. 1 ou can give me the description of your gaughter?"

"Here is her photograph."

"I am going to entrust the affair to two skilful, discreet officers. It they do not succeed, no one will succeed."

The chief struck a bell and asked the officer who appeared:

"Are Heronniere and Mouton here?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Yes, monsieur."

Five minutes later the two officers entered the room.

Their looks were immediately fastened on M. Drouet, whom they examined curiously: then Heronniere advanced.

"Did the clief send for us?"

"Yes, my Irionds. The case is this."

Mouton took a step forward. The chief, pointing to M. Drouet, said:

"Monsier is an employe of the war department."

The policeman saluted him.

M. Drouet bowed.

"Monsieur," continued the chief, "has come to ask you to find his daughter, who disappeared two days ago."

Heronniere looked "at Mouton, who looked at Heronniere, but both remained impassive.

"This, young girl," continued their supe-

"Good," said the fat officer, "this will be

sufficient."
And he put the portrait in his pocket.
He turned then to M. Drouet.
"It was day before yesterday that your young girl disappeared?"
"Day before yesterday, yes, Monsieur."
"And at Angers they have searched for her?"

"but if you wish to accord us a little souvenir, we will not refuse it; will we, Heronniere?"
"We never refuse souvenirs," responded

"And what can I do, meantime?" asked

"And what can I do, meantime?" asked M. Drouet.

"Nothing. If, however, you wish to lounge about the young man's house, it could do no harm, in case she goes there."

"I will spend the day there with her affianced."

"She has an affianced?"

"A young man, who loves her, and whom I wish to make her marry."

The chief had risen, as if to accompany the visitor and dismiss him.

M. Drouet took his hat.

"Above all," he said to the officers, "I recommend you to act with the greatest prudence. No brutalities! My daughter is a little timid. Too great emotion."

"Count on us! Where shall we take her?"

"To my house... Here is my address,"

M. Drouet gave his card to the two offi-

dress,"

M. Drouet gave his card to the two officers. He saluted the chief and withdrew, saying to Moaton:
"Soon, monsieur."
"This evening," responded the police When Paule's father had retired, the chief

looked at Mouton.
"You are, perhaps, a little premature," he said.

The fat man smiled.

"Premature? In promising him that he would have his daughter this evening?"

"Well! the delay seems to me a little

short."
Mouton smiled again.
"I would have undertaken to deliver her up in three hours if there had been need."
"You have indications?"
"None. . . but since it concerns a love story have we not our guiding thread?

"Good luck, then... Keep me advised. M. Drouet has been recommended by the perfect of police."
"Monsieur can rely on our zeal."
The two officers rose, saluted, and with-

Monsieur can reiv on our zoan.

The two officers rose, saluted, and withdrew.

When they were outside, Mouton looked at his colleague.

"Well! do you think now that we wasted our time day hefore yesterday morning?"

"No," said Heronniere, slightly amazed.

"Do you regret your morning race?"

Notat all. But we might have told at once what we knew."

Mouton shrugged his shoulders.

"What good would that have done us? That was an affair of chance. Where would our ability be displayed in that? While now we are at work on the affair officially. What will result? We are going to seek a convenient restaurant, breakfast tranquilly, take our coffee, play a game of piquet, lounge about a few hours, and then, at dusk, when we are almost sure to find the bird in the nest, we will take, without hurrying ourselves, the train for Asnieres. Do you understand?"

"Yos yes."

"Then we will go to breakfast."

And Mouton left the prefecture, with his solemn, auck-like waddle, followed by his colleague, who skipped along by his side, perched on his thin legs as if on stilts.

CHAPTER XV.

Paule and Aurelia had caught the 12.40 train, and re-entered at Asnieris without hinderance.

They were long in getting asleep, Paule's thoughts returning always to Octave, but at last fatigue overcame her. She became still and did not wake till the sun was high.

high. Aurelia, uneasy, ran to her watch.

Ateleven o'clock shereturned, singing and seeming very gay.

"No one heard us come in last night. The directress asked me what train we took. I told her that we succeeded in catching the miningist train."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, I am dressed. We will go down."

The breaklast was very gay, and Paule passed the remainder of the day in impatient expectation of Octave. It seemed to her that the night would never come. While Aurelia was attending to her occupa-

while Aurelia was attending to her occupa-tions and the pupils were confined in the school-room, she wandered through the little garden.

At last, the classes were over.

At last, the classes were over.

At last, the classes were over.
The pupils, in a troop, scattered through the garden.
Aurelia ran to her friend.
"It is finished," she said, "now I am going to devote myself to you. You are not too wearled?"
"No no."

But the steps went away, and the trains succeeded each other.
Octave did not appear.
It was a warm, heavy evening.
A storm was threatening, a storm like that which had favored her flight from

Angiers.
Paule began to be uneasy.
Aurelia herself found Octave's delay strange. Suddenly she gave a start. She pressed

Suddenly she gave a start. She pressed her friend's arm.
"Listen!"
She had heard the roll of a carriage near the gate, then light furtive steps.
She was going to warn Mademoiselle Drouet, when a ring of the bell interrupted her. Paule carried her hand to her heart.

"It is over I shall never see her again!"

Aurelia sought to give him courage . . . "Come! come!" she said, "recover yourself! This is no time to despond. You know that she loves you; that she will not be false to you. In two months she will be mistress of her heart and of her actions."

"And if, during those two months."

"She should change her mind?"

"I did not say that; I dare not ever to think it."

"And you are right, for she loves you. I "It is he!". And she wished to run to the gate. . . Aurelia stopped her.
"Stay here!" she said; "if it should not be And it was she who rushed towards the ite. Paule remained in the same spot, motion ess, as if riveted to the ground."
She heard the gate open, then a dull hurmur of voices, an exclamation from hurelia, a cry, a cry of warning and of

Aurelia, a cry, a cry of warning and of terror.

She felt her blood freeze in her veins. The voices became more distinct, louder. It seemed to her that Aurelia was disputing, struggling.

What was going on, then?

She was selzed with irresistible terror. She gave a cry of iright, and began to run, quite beside herself, across the garden. This is what had happened at the gate. When Aurelia opened it she was convinced that Octave had arrived.

She had already opened her mouth to say to him:

"We shall have a storm tonight," said Aurelia.
Then she added:
"I cannot stay longer outside. I shall be obliged to leave you."
Octave started.
It seemed to him that the last tie which still attached him to Paule was about to break. "At last! if you knew how long we have

"At last! if you knew how long we have been waiting for you!"
But the words remained on her lips.
To her great astonishment she found herself in the presence of two strangers.
One was tall and thin, the other short and thick-set.
She instinctively took a step backward and asked, holding the gate half open:
"What do you wish, gentlemen?"
"We wish to speak with Mademoiselle Drouet."
Aurelia paled and gave a cry, but she made a supreme effort and preserved her composure.

"Every day is ill await you."
They would have gone on taiking a long time, all night, perhaps. If Mademoise, is a long time, all night, perhaps. If Mademoise, is a long time, all night, perhaps. If Mademoise, is a long time, all night, perhaps. If Mademoise, is a long time, all night, perhaps. If Mademoise, is a long time does not seem long to you."
They would have gone on taiking a long time, all night, perhaps. If Mademoise, is a long time, all night, perhaps. If Mademoise, all perhaps the many perhaps the many perhaps. If Mademoise, all perhaps the many perhaps the many perhaps. If Mademoise, all perhaps the many p

WEEKLY GLOBE—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1887.

If was then that the harder took light to the state of the state o

The trace exclaimed.

The trace exclaimed her over the saw through the leaves, the saw that they were talking, of his his town that they were talking, of his his town that they were talking, of his his town the saw me, she gave a little cry and sank down, of the two men.

"When she saw me, she gave a little cry and sank down, of the two men.

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"When she saw me, she gave a little cry and sank down, of the two men.

"The trace is shudder passed over him.

The two men who were the authors of missing the health of the same than the saw through the leaves, little the exclaimed in the same through the leaves, little the same than the same through the leaves, little the same than the same through the leaves, little the same than the same through the leaves, little the same than the same through the leaves, little the leaves of the company with Error was great funeral going on, in the distribution of his whole life,— short, which was to be drowed this passed the rich and the same through the leaves, little the same through the leaves, little the leaves the leaves that the leaves the leaves that the leaves the leaves that the leaves the leaves that the leaves the leaves that the leaves

"They are here. They are waiting for you."

The unhappy child stammered:
"I am lost! It is my father, is it not?"
"Yes."
"And he?"
"He has not come yet."
"Some misfortune must have happened to him."
"But no. We advised him not to come till it was dark."
"It is dark now."
"Hardly..."
"And if he should come and if he should see?" tion.

Before they could take a step Octave had seized them by the throats as if he would strangle them. A single word escaped his

"Yes, it will be better for you to go. He might do some unfortunate thing."
"You are right. But you will surely tell him, will you not, that nothing will make me forget him; that I will resist everything."
"Yes, yes, " strangle them. A single word escaped his libs:

"Wretches!"
They struggled, distracted, screaming.
The wine merchant ran in, threw himself upon the aggressor, and succeeded in getting the better of him.

Octave fell on a seat, exhausted.
He could no longer make a movement or pronounce a word.

M. Drouet and his companion, still white with terror, shook themselves with a terri-

thing."

'Yes yes "

'Wait for him Speak to him.

Console him."

'You can count on me."

'Then you will come to see me.

You will give me news." "Yes. yes. "
"But can you come to see me? Will they not take me away, shut me up again?
"No matter! I shall know where to find fied air.
The wine merchant looked at the three men by turns without comprehending, seeming to ask why all this had just hap-

ment. He must not see them take you away."

No . . no . . . I am ready!"
She rose.
Aurelia clasped her in her arms. They remained a moment in an embrace, and then Aurelia made a sign to the agents.
They advanced with automatic step.
"My friend is ready to follow you!"
The two men made a gesture of satisfaction, saluted the teacher, and went away, hurrying Paule, whom they did not dare touch and for whom they showed the greatest consideration. An odor of blood mounted to his host his.

An odor of blood mounted to his host his.

His brain was giving way, his reason was abandoning him.

He give a terribe cry and put his hand before his eyes, as if to drive away all these visions; then he remained prostrate, inert, without consciousness. He felt that they were seizing him and taking him away, were seizing him and taking him away.

"And against this gentleman ne had also motives for ill-will?"

"Monsieur is my future son-in-law."

The functionary bowed.

"I understand everything." he said. "This man followed you. It was a premeditated act."

"I'do not think so, monsieur." said Paule's father; "I believe that it was, rather, a

st consideration.

They left her alone in the carriage and nounted on the seat with the driver.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was about ten minutes after the carriage which took Paule away had left the Rue de la Procession when Octave, who had not left Paris until dark, as they had advised him, presented himself at the in-

At the first sound of the bell the door

pened and Aurelia appeared.
Without saying anything to the young an, she took him by the arm and drew

m outside. Octave trembled; a mortal chill struck

"They have found her again, taken her

"Who?"
'Officers, with orders from her father."
The unhappy young man became pale as leath; he but his hand on his heart, and a

think it."
"And you are right, for she loves you, I will answer for it."

vill answer for it."

Nine o'clock struck.

Over the sky, great black clouds were

"And news from her?" he said. "You

will have news from her?"
"She has promised to see to that. Moreover, I am not going to abandon her so. From tomorrow, I will know what has become of her, where they have sent her."
"And you will permit me?" stammered

We shall have a storm tonight," said

She looked Octave in the eyes.

away."
"Who?"

visions; then he remained prostrate, inert, without consciousness. He feit that they were seizing him and taking him away. Voices buzzed in his ears. Words came to him which he half comprehended.

They were speaking of police, of arrest, of an attempt to assassinate.

One name dominated all, the name of Gailhardin.

Who pronounced it? Why did they pronounce it? He did not know.
But he heard it; he heard it every moment, rising above the other sounds.

Also the words assassin, son of an assassin, were repeated from time to time.

About him, there seemed to be a great stamping, a confusion of cries and of voices.

When he at last revived, when he recovered his consciousness, he found himself alone, in a damp room, without light.

His hands met cold, hard objects.

A strange smell rose about him.

He rose, seized with a kind of unknown fear, struck the walls with his hands, and a sudden light illumined his brain.

He comprehended where he was.

He was arrested, arrested as his father had been, criminal perhaps like him! How much better to have died! A name came to

"And Paule?" he murmured.
Instead of answering him the teacher ied him away more quickly.
He stammered:
"Where is she? What new misfortune?"
When they were alone on the little path that bordered the road Aurelia stopped at

had been, criminal perhaps like him! How much better to have died! A name came to his lips, his mother, then Paule, and he sank upon his knees on the flag-stone, a prey to a more acute suffering than all he had ever endured, he who believed himself to have drained the cup of all sufferings! "Speak, speak!" he said, more dead than

During the whole night, the lady in black

During the whole night, the lady in black waited for Octave, God knows in what anxiety. When the day dawned, she opened the window looking out on the avenue, and remained there, with a tortured heart, watching every passer-by.

Her son did not appear.

It was nearly seven o'clock when her attention was attracted by a crowd of men coming from the Clichy hill, which increased at every step.

Without knowing why the unhappy mother followed the mob for a moment with her look, seized with a presentiment which made her shudder.

The group advance! slowly, as if stopped at each step by the people who joined it.

It was tumultuous, confused.

Nevertheless, when it drew nearer, the unhappy mother distinguished two officers, and, between them handenfied a very series of the stopped and between them handenfied a very series. death; he but his hand on his heart, and a single phrase escaped his lids.
"I was too happy yesterday!"
"She was waiting for you, God knows with what impatience."
"Then it was not long ago?"
"Hardly ten minutes before you arrived."
He stammered.
"If I had come sooner!"
"What could you have done? What imprudence? It, was better, on the contrary, that you should be absent. I hastened their departure."
A cry of despair came from his lips.
"It is over I shall never see her agam!"

happy mother distinguished two officers, and, between them, handcuffed, a young man whom she recognized immediately. man whom she recognized immediately. It was Octave.
She uttered a wild cry, which had no longer anything human in it, and fell backwards, her whole length.
It was in that manner that more than twenty years before, on a bright summer morning, she had seen her husband led along, in chains, between two policemen, in the midst of a murmuring crowd.

End of Part Third.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I. It is autumn—a little more than three months after the events we have just related—and a dull gray morning.

Before a house on the Rue Perronet, at Neuflly, three cabs are ranged in a line by the euge of the sidewalk.

The drivers are walking up and down, beating the air with their arms to warm them. One of them stops suddenly and looks at

them.
One of them stops suddenly and looks at his watch.
"Ten o'clock." he says; "we should have had time to take a little glass."
"And even two," said the one addressed.
"Bah! these brides are always late!"
The third raised his head.
"Then it is a wedding party that we are going to take?"
"It appears so."
"It appears so."
"It brought four military men."
"What does that prove?"
"I was engaged for a wedding." said the first driver.
"So was I," said the second.
"We are to take the bride?"
"And the guests. There are no other carriages."
"It will not be brilliant."
"It is a gloomy wedding."
"It if it is you, old man, who are to take the bride, you have forgotten the orange flower. Your horse has, perhaps, never yet had occasion to wear it. You should not deprive the beast of such a pleasure."
The driver shrugged his shoulders.
"Shut up, you scamp!"
The second asked of the first:
"And do you know where we are going?"
"To the mayor's office and then to the church,"
"And is it far?" asked the third.

church,"
"And is it far?" asked the third.
"Two steps. You do not know the neighborhood, then?"
"Not at all. I am from Val-de-Grace." The conversation was about to continue, when the first driver made a sign to his

when the hist driver made a sign to his commades.

He had just perceived his patrons.

"Here are our people," he said."

All three separated and turned towards their respective vehicles, not without look-

tasted, the joy of knowing he hast.

They had reached the end of the church and were about to cross the threshold, when Paule suddenly stopped.

A livid paleness spread over her face, and a cry escaped her lips.

With her finger she pointed at one of the millers. billars.

Behind it stood M. Drouet, his eye wandering, his halr erect.

When he perceived them, he raised his arm and pointed at Octave a revolver which he held in his hand.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

Before giving the climax of the tragle scene which was to be the epilogue of the marriage of our unfortunate friends, we must acquaint the reader with the events which happened between Octave's arrest, the carrying of of Paule by Mouton and Heronniere, and the ceremony which we have just witnessed.

Let us speak of Octave first.

After his arrest, as he could not answer the questions which the officers asked him, they hurriedly questioned his pretended victims, M. Drouet and Ernest Briare. Both were more frightened than hurt, and only their clothing bore traces of the attack.

After taking their names, they asked them if they knew the prisoner.

They responded affirmatively.

M. Drouet even added:

"It was an act of personal vengeance."

"This man bore you ill-will?"

"He has not forgiven me for having refused him my daughter."

"Never!" exclaimed the employe, "but he had succeeded in making her love him."

The commissioner pointed to Ernest Briare.

"And against this gentleman he had also not take me away, suit me up again.

"No matter! I shall know where to find you."

"You will not forget me?"

"I swear it."

"Nor him."

"And he interview was being too prolonged, had just shown their profiles close to the young girls.

Aurelia dried Paule's eyes.

"Come, recover yourself! The men are impatient. And he may come at any moment. He must not see them take you away."

"No. . no. . . I am ready!"

She rose.

Aurelia clasped her in her arms. They remained a moment in an embrace, and then Aurelia made a sign to the agents.

The seeming to ask why alt this had just happened.

Octave remained motionless, crushed, as the questions which the officers asked him, they hurriedly questioned his pretended witching. The number of the questions which the officers asked him, they hurriedly questioned his pretended stonished at this fit of fury which had caused him to lose his good sense.

Then he had a strange hallucination.
This public-house, this arbor, he imagined that he recognized it all.

The house of the crime, which he had seen at Poitiers, had the same aspect.
It seemed to him that the spectres of the attack.

His two enemies seemed to him bleeding, as if struck with death,
After his arrest, as he could not answer the questions which the officers asked him, they hurriedly questioned his pretended witching. After this action his pretended to interview had caused him to lose his good sense.

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This public-house, this arbor, he imagined that the spectres of

"I do not think so, monsieur," said Paule's father; "I believe that it was, rather, a matter of chance."
"We shall see. And you are not wounded,

"We shall see. And you are not wounded, monsieur?"
"No, monsieur."
"And monsieur?" said the police officer, questioning Ernest Briare,
"Nor I either. A little scratch on the neck; but it is nothing."
"And where does your aggressor live?"
"In the Passage de Clichy. No. 7."
"That is quite near here. . . . We will take him there tomorrow. He seems like a well-behaved young man."
"I believe it, monsieur, but he has a sad inheritance to carry on his shoulders."
The functionary pricked up his ears.
"What do you mean?"
"His father, a man named Gaillardin, committed a double crime formerly, and was executed."
The commissioner moved suddenly in his seat.
"This is the son of an assessin?"

eat.
"This is the son of an assassin?"
"Yes, monsiour. That is why I did not

wish-"
"I understand you, monsieur. I under stand you. You can retire."

M. Drouet and his companion saluted the functionary and left the office.

Outside, Paule's father smiled with satisfaction. "I believe," he said, "we are rid of him "I believe," he said, "we are rid of him for some time."

"I believe so, too," said Ernest Briare.
"Fortune has decidedly favored us. and if our agents have fulfilled their promise."
"Will you permit me to go with you to assure myself?"

"Certainly."

And the two men, hailing a cab, got in and were taken to M. Drouet's house.

The windows were lighted. They were not yet asleep.

M. Drouet turned to his companion with a movement of its.

M. Drougt turned to his companion with movement of joy,
"She is there," he said.

Both were about to rush upon the stairay when the janttor, who was also awake, is hed after them, much agitated.
"Mademoiselle is found again," he cried; they have just brought her."

M. Drougt grasped his friend's hand.
"You see. It is needless for you to go furter. We will see each other tomorrow."

He turned to the jantfor.

He turned to the janitor.
"I thank you, my brave man."
"Till tomorrow, then," said Ernest.
"Till tomorrow."
And, without asking further information. And, without asking further information, Paule's father climied the stairs.
We will not follow him for the moment, but will return to Octave.
The commissioner, after having given him a few summary attentions, had him shut up in the lower part of the building, where we have seen him at last recover his senses.
He had only a confused recollection of the avents of the previous evening.

events of the previous evening.
How far had he gone in his crime?
Had he killed his adversaries? Had he wounded them?
He did not know.
And it was this uncertainty which stupefied him.
If he was really guilty, he was lost, irrepresably lost.

If he was really guilty, he was lost, irreparably lost.

Lost for his mother, lost for her.
He saw already rising before him, in the pale day, the sinster kinfe which had cut the throat of his father.
Oh! God! to die so!
Was crime, then, hereditary?
Nothing could snatch him from his fatal destiny... nothing... nothing... And, writhing, on his couch, he sobbed as if his heart would break.
He was aroused from his mournful reflections by the opening of the gate of his dungeon. geon,
Two officers advanced.
"You are not asleep!" said one; "come

"You are not asleep!" said one; "come, get up!"
Octave rose.
"The commissioner has arrived. He is to question you."
When in the commissioner's presence the magistrate looked at him with a curiosity which at once began to intimidate him.
"You are the man," he said, gruffly, "yes, monsieur."
"In a wine shop on the Avenue de Clichy?"
"Yes, monsieur."
"Your name is Gaillardin?"
The young man became very pale. He answered, nevertheless.
"Octave Gillardin, yes, monsieur."
"Whose father was guillotined twenty years ago?"

years ago?"
Our hero, whose limbs were wavering, could not find a word.
The commissioner added:
"And you wished to walk in his foot-

octave clasped his hands.
"On! monsieur," he cried, "do not believe it! If you knew."
"I know, so be quiet. I know that if they had not arrived in time. You have a solid fist." Octave, stupefied, asked:

"I have never taken the trouble to inquire."

"You, perhaps . . . but your rival?"

"I attribute to my rival no bad sentiment. He loves her perhaps, he also . . . As for us, we can ever live apart, and her father would disinherit her if I ever had the happiness to be hers."

The magistrate seemed to be reflecting.
He understood it all now. He divined the whole drama, and Octave, the son of the guillottned man, appeared to him under other colors.

He regarded him attentively, and asked:
"You live near here?"

He regarded him attentively, and asked:
"You live near here?"
"Very near, monsieur, in the Passage de
Clichy,"
"You live there with your mother?"
"Yes, monsieur,"
"Have you lived there long?"
"Almost twenty years, since we left
Poitiers."
"You were born in Poitiers?"
"Yes, monsieur,"

Poitiers."
"Yes, monsieur."
"Yes, monsieur."
"And I will find at the Passage de Clichy the confirmation of all the information you have just given me?"
"Certainly, monsieur. I will show you the newscaper sent. The janitress can tell you how it was forwarded."
"We will go there."
And motioning to two officers who were standing there, he said:
"You will accompany us."
The officers bowed.
He turned to Octave.
"I am obliged, at present, to take certain precautions," said he; "but it is to be hoped that they will not be necessary."
And they set out, Octave between the two officers, the commissioner following.
It was the procession which the unhappy mother has betceived from her window, and the very sight of which has made her fall backwards inanimate.

The officers bowed.

He turned to Octave.

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CHAPTER III.

When he reached the beaunning of the Passage de Chely, the commissioner turned to his officers.

"You are to post yourselves here," he said, "and prevent any one from going farther!"

The officers performed their duty and drove back the curious.

The janitress of No. 7, at sight of the commissioner and Octave, stopped short.

"My tenant!" she murmured ... "I knew he would end like that!"

The commissioner entered the house, pushed away the neighbors and asked for the janitress.

She ran up, in a hurry, full of importance.

The commissioner to be said asked for pushed away the neighbors and asked for the janitress.

She ran up, in a hurry, full of importance.
"I am the janitress," said she.
"Where is your lodge?"
"I will take you to it," she answered.
She went to the door and begged the curious to retire.
"I will tell you what happens," she said.
They went away.
She opened the door of her lodge, ushered in the commissioner and Octave, offered a chair to the first and forgot the second.
The magistrate refused to sit down.

have not time to sit down. Answer my questions."

"I am listening, monsieur."

"Have you been in this house long?"

"I have seen my two husbands die nere in my arms, almost on the spot where you stand."

"I care nothing about that. You occupied the place when monsieur came here to rent rooms in the house?"

"Yes, monsieur," said the portress, abashed by the curt air of the functionary.

"Monsieur was with his mother?"

"Yes, monsieur. And he was very small at that time. I have seen him, so to speak, grow up."

grow up."

"It is almost twenty years."

"Eighteen years and some months, monsieur. If you wish me to give you the exact date."

"That is needless. And monsieur has

always lived here?"

"Always, monsieur."

"With his mother?"

"With his mother."

"They both led a regular life?"

"Very regular, monsieur. I can say nothing but good of them. I am an honest woman. I have my peculiarities, but I am an honest woman an honest woman."

And as it satisfied with this declaration, the big woman swelled up and breathed forcibly.

"You did not know where they came from?"

"No, monsieur. I have power.

from?"
"No, monsieur. I have never even troubled myself about it—provided the rent was paid punctually. And it is just to them to say that they have never been even a half-hour late. I am just and incapable of lythe." ying."
"You were likewise ignorant of their

"You were likewise ignorant of their name?"

"Their real name, yes, monsieur. They called the mother the lady in black. Madame Gillette, for so she called herself. As for monsieur, he was called M. Octave and even M. Octave Gillette."

"And when did you learn their name and their past?"

"Only day before yesterday."

"By a letter?"

"Yes, monsieur. A letter with a great seal. Even that gave me a shock."

"Did the postman bring the letter?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"And you carried it up yourself?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"To whom did you give it?"

"To whom did you give it?"

"On!! I remember as if it were before my eyes now M. Octave Gaillardin, son of Gaillardin, executed at Portiers"

"That is all I wish to know. I thank you."

And, making Octave pass before him, he And, making Octave pass before him, he

And, making Octave pass before him, he at once went up the staircase.

The janitress remained with open mouth on the threshold.

She knew nothing. . . . they had told her rothing. Why had her lodger been arrested? What had he done? She had no more information than before. The deception was cruel.

She was convinced now that the letter was false, and she said to herself that it was not possible that these people whom she had known so long could have such a past. She had gone over to the side of Octave and his mother, ready to take up their defence.

The maxistrate and Octave reached the upper floor.

upper floor.
The young man, dreading the effect of the shock upon his mother, asked permission to enter first to prepare her.
The commissioner made a sign of

acquisscence.
"Go on," he said.
Octave opened the door, crossed the hall, but had scarcely half-opened the door of the sleeping-room when he gave a cry of fright.

"My mother! my mother!"

He had just seen the open window and his mother stretched upon the floor.

The magistrate, terrined, rushed into the

What is it?"

"What is it?"

"My mother is dead," cried Octave, beside himself. "She has seen me through the window."

And he embraced her distractedly, trying to raise her.

He no longer knew which way to turn.

"A physician," he cried.

But the commissioner had bent over the lady in black, and had taken her hand.

"Do not be alarmed," he said; "this is a simple faint. Have you salts?"

"Yes, yes, monsieur."

"Help me to lay her down."

They laid her on the bed, and then the magistrate set about restering her.

After some minutes the lady in black opened her eyes.

She perceived Octave.

"You, it is you."

"You, it is you!"

And she held out her arms to him; then she saw the commissioner, and cheeked herself.

The commissioner said.

"And these are the men?" said the functionary.

"Yes, monsieur. It was over this exploit that they were laughing two steps away from me."

"And why did they do it?"

"To revenge themselves because Mademoiselle Drouet loved me."

The magistrate looked fixedly at Octave.
"She is rich, Mademoiselle Drouet?"

"I have never taken the trouble to inquire."

"You, perhaps... but your rival?"

"You, perhaps... but your rival?"

"I tattribute to my rival no bad senti-la loves her perhaps, he also; ... Calcael du Roc had been informed."

When Colonel du Roc had been informed by Octave of all that had passed, his fury, instead of being quieted, only increased.

"I will give a lesson to the scoundrel," he cried. "Leave me to do it!"
Octave tried in vain to calm him.
He would listen to nothing.
"I await the moment and the hour," he added, "but do not concern yourself. You will soon hear of me."
And with these words he took his leave.
Octave remained alone with his mother.
He related to her his discomfiture of the previous evening and the new disappearance of Paule.
"But Mademoiselle Aurelia," said the mother, "would she not give you news of her?"
"She has promised me that,"

knew nothing.

The lady in black, determined to leave her rooms in the Passage de Clichy, had rented a little apartment in the Rue Perroult.
They were to install themselves there the

rowl about her door, hoping to see her come out, open her window and make me a sign, I knew not what."

"And you saw her?"

"This evening, just now. She was with her father. She saw me, made a sign and uttered the words I have repeated. The other news I got from the janitress. She leoked very sad."

"But if she should marry," stammered the young man.
"I can only say to you what I have said... Now it is late. I have just time to get my train. Au revoir!
"Au revoir, and thank you again."
Aurelia grasped the hand of the lady in black and of her son, and, on the landing, as they accompanied her, she cried again to them:
"Hope!"

"You love him, then, so much:"
"More than my life!"
Eut in both their hearts terror lurked.
They dreaded the father's return.
What would he do? What would he But time went on and he did not appear.

With a rough movement he unfastened his cravat.

A redness was to be seen on his neck.

"Ah! my God!" cried the mother.

Paule, stupedied, remained speechless.

"Yes," continued the father, "he threw himself ou me like a madman, like a savage, as his father once did. It is indeed the same blood, an assassin's, which flows in his veins."

Paule suffered a thousand deaths.

She who had believed herself for a moment at the end of her trials had still to face this, the most terrible of all!

Even her mother seemed to turn against her now.

her now.
She had approached her husband, and was examining the bruises.
"And when did it all happen?"
"Hardly two hours ago."

She did not answer.

There was something in this incident which she did not understand.

It was impossible that Octave should Continued on the Seventh Page

When Colonel du Roc had been informed

her?"
"She has promised me that,"
"She will keep her promise."
"If she can heiself hear from her."
Two days passed without any word from Paule and without any new incident.
Octave had been to Asnieres, but Aurelia knew nothing.

other news 1 got from the janitress. She looked very sad."
"Oh! if I could only see her pass, as you did" murmured Octave.
"Do not attempt it, you might lose all."
"But if she should marry," stammered

Then she disappeared.

Then she disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

The news brought by Aurelia was correct.

They were going to marry Paule.

When the others who had torn the young girl away from her retreat in the Rue de la Procession had taken her home, her mother was alone; her father, as we know, was walking with Ernest Briare on the Avenue de Clichy, in the vicinity of Octave's house. The poor woman was seized with mad joy on seeing her again.

Mouton and rieronniere, whose mission was fulfilled, withdrew.

Paule told her mother all that had happened.

The mother listened in ecstasy.

But time went on and he did not appear, lt was after mudnight, and Madame Drouet began to be uneasy.

At last, they heard a step on the staircase, it was stif, automatic. The two women, frightened clasped each other closely, as it to give themselves courage. It entered and surveyed his daughter from head to foot.

"All you are here, you!"

He could utter only these words, but his look, his attitude, everything in bim told of fury.

fury.

Faule made a gesture as if to appease him. She tried to throw herself into his He repulsed her rudely.

"No, no, you are no longer my daughter.
There is nothing more in common between The young girl stopped in her impulse,

The young girl stopped in her impulse, choking with grief.

The mother held out supplicating hands, He looked at them both for an instant in silence, and then said, addressing Paule:

"You are astonished to see me again, alive?"

The child stammered:
"I, father?"

The mother, anxious, cried:
"What do you mean?"

"A little more and you would have been rid of me," he continued, "both of you."

"I do not understand you," said the mother.

"That man," he added, "tried to strangle me, me and Ernest Briare."

"That man?" stammered the mother, terrified.

He turned to Paule.
"She knows well enough what I mean."

The young girl, livid, cried:
"It is impossible!"

"Do you wish to see on my neck the trace of his fingers?"

With a rough movement he unfastened his crayat.

"Hardly two hours ago."
"Where?"
"In a wine-shop on the Avenue de Clichy, where we had taken refuge during the shower."
"And M. Briare?"
"M. Briare received nothing more. Aid arrived in time."
"So he wished to kill you?"
"Everything would lead us to believe it."
"You had quarrelled?"
"Not at all. He fell on us without any provocation whatever, at the moment when we least expected it."
"And what became of him?"
"He was arrested!"
Paule's heart was laccrafed at each new detail.

rathe's heart was incorated at each new detail.

Arrested . . . He was arrested! Ah! the unhappy man! And his mother!

Without pity for her atroctous sufferings, her father turned to her.

"I hope this time." he said, "that you will persist no longer in your mad ideas, and that you will not desire to marry your father's assassin."

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issue, and rerhaps this is your last paper. sources so that every interest shall run Will you, therefore, please examine the without friction to its fellows and the greatdate of expiration of your paper, which is

est, newsiest and cheapest weekly that your just begun to realize it, but it is an incon- hard job to refuse a woman anything," It is a family can procure. It has paid you many trovertible fact. The old remedy cannot be times its price the past year, and really will applied in this case. New treatment is recost you but a trifle compared to quired, and a radical modification, if not a club may be compose i of residents of either one town, or more than one town, as it pleases the club raiser. Now is the time to begin to form a club. Send for free sample copies and agents' rates.

much like a dead dog in the pit, though a few old stagers are hard at work trying their best to hustle up the remains for another round. The sweetest argument which they blandly make is that the best drill is secured by studying Greek and Latin. It is the most perfect method of education they say. No matter how much precious time is wasted, no matter how unpractical the result, if only the perfect way be trod. Now, the world is ever so many thousands of years old without having reached perfection, and it is getting more and more uncertain whether it ever will. What is the use of perfection, any way? Least of all, that Utopian perfection which floats through the ivory gate of dreams. Let the dead past bury its dead, and their anguages along with them.

essay read before the Massachusetts Horu- the total annihilation of a train and cultural Society by Mrs. Sara J. Smith of Hartford, for the establishment of a school this monument of terrors with the worst tions of THE GLOBE--news- to teach the art of horticulture to women, and particularly to girls. Many a country field and that in Ohio would have been girl would stay contented and happy at comparatively trivial had they been devoid knowledge of the theory of fruit and flower dent at best became a carnival of destrucraising, which would fully engage her tion where Death presided in his most horthoughts and promise profit for the time rid form. Scores of persons who might have and labor expended. The avocation, too, is survived the results of going down with the ton. Agents will please bear one peculiarly adapted to women, and for that reason deserves to be cordially encourby an element which could and should have saw so many beautiful and graceful women aged.

sary instruction should to withheld.

OUR ECONOMIC FUTURE.

cles of the State, who are supposed to aclargeness that they but faintly realize the latent /possibilities of the magnificent industrial cosmos which forms the enduring

cesses, the older the industry the larger the | may be our American plays are purer and dose must be to have the desired effect. It | brighter, and our actors more refined than is as universal in this country as was calomel in the practice of a century since. It is the approved panacea for every ill, and restriction peculiarly objectionable." We nature is supposed to abdicate her own concur. Restriction in currency of any potent flux that eliminates all diversity and It is hard to be an amiable citizen with an

The apology for our system of extreme Spies will probably exert herself to the protection is, that, by the country's large- utmost to prove her marriage with the An-The apology for our system of extreme ness and diversity, it is sufficient unto itself archist illegal. However, as SHAKE and its records and that we should live users "Let the end try the man." and its people, and that we should live upon our resources. The country is large and vigorous enough to achieve all this if we burned to the tune of \$15,000. If a few lift the restraint from its members. But by rotten hulks could be utilized in giving its very largeness it must have the more room for breath and pulsation. Its blood cannot run free with healthy throb when compelled to force its way through the ligatures of the present excessive tariff. The than in man." Granted, but this sense system must inevitably defeat its declared must be dormant when some of them select purpose, especially when made so allembracing and undiscriminating as at present. An increased wool tariff, for which so many Eastern sheep-tarmers are clamoring, would prohibit the importation of wool from foreign countries, perhaps, but it would promptly transfer its cheap production to the vast ranches of the far West, which would become more formidable competitors of the sheep farms of the old States than even the ranches of

Birmingham and other Southern iron must have done something too dreadfully centres and the iron regions of Pennsyl- dreadful to thus fear speculation on the centres and the iron regions of Pennsylvania must be affected by the same in-

The question of differentiation has assumed sudden and formidable proportions as a factor in our industrial problems. The question that challenges the deepest and lunch with "Giggle, gabble, gobble." Permost unselfish wisdom of the State is the looking one way too long. The old indus-OF COURSE YOU WILL RENEW, tries that have battled so long for exclusive privileges are now threatened more quired, and a radical modification, if not a revolution, of those economic ideas that make a little withered slip of geranium number can be selected. However, we will revolution, of those economic ideas that have so long prevailed is the first step in the scheme of our salvation.

make a little withered slip of geranium number can be selected. However, we will devote another "Hour" to the subject very scheme of our salvation. scheme of our salvation.

THE RAILROAD HORROR.

The frightful affair of Saturday, at the White river, will take its place alongside of Norwalk and Ashtabula in the chapter of American horrors. Certainly no railway accident filled with like horror has occurred in New England since that ever-memorable day many years ago, when the train went through the open draw-bridge in Connecticut. Indeed it would be difficult to conceive destruction more complete or more

One thing is rendered certain by the pain ful event. There must and should be no more temporizing between the public and the railroads on the question of heating and lighting cars. If the railway corporations will not voluntarily take ordinary care for the safety of their passengers, they must be forced to do so. Accident after accident has occurred on our railways. In almost every case fire has been the chief agent of destruction. Nay, it has come to be quite certain that derailment of trains will be followed at once by flames. Thrice within the pastfew weeks the public has been struck dumb with horror by illustrations of this fact. Only a little time ago, West Springfield, in our own was the scene; theu came river, what would have proved a bad acci- a moment permit. train to the ice were tortured into eternity been utterly beyond chance of communica-

Whatever excuse there may be for derailment of trains, the chance for subsequent machinery works up the material fed to it. destruction by fire is indefensible. Nothing to it. servatory a woman could easily possess part of the public has so long permitted it the means of achieving an independence to exist. For it is as certain as anything The raising of silkworms, the care of bees, without the slightest danger of fire from such a healthy direction, but the raising is in its inexcusability little short of crimiof flowers and choice small fruits for the nal. It would almost seem that the railroad managers meant to guard every avenue of esses special qualifications, and no neces- escape for their passengers in case of accident, and to make sure that, if the wrecked cars were not set afire by unsafe stoves, petroleum from the lamps might be de-

In view of these facts, the legislatures of

EDITORIAL POINTS.

They take no note of time in Missouri where a man has been sentenced for ninety-

Mme. Parry fancies "that the use of water upon the face and neck produces wrinkles. A new wrinkle to most of folks.

An exchange says that the title of a new work "The Diversions of a Bookworm," is a very winning one. That depends; worms of any sort are a squirming subject at best

company. We will gladly spare a few from our vicinity and offer a moderate reward General Sheridan suggests a plan for

FRANCES CLEVELAND WHITNEY will cut her teeth just like other babies, and cry

coast defence which is the result of much

with pain, despite her grand surroundings. The daughter of the British minister said intruders at a recent reception. A reform

in manners is in order at the national Mr. Lincoln once said "that it was not his Democratic enemies who made him the

solid truths. Critics of the stage may content themselves with the thought that faulty as they those in European cities.

kindly functions in favor of it. It is the kind produces an uncomfortable sensation.

In a few years Mrs. NINA VAN ZANDT-

A fire in the navy yard at Washington warmth and comfort to the poor it might benefit mankind and relieve naval officials.

HENRY WARD BEECHER SAYS "than the sense of the beautiful is stronger in woman their life partners-a hidden sense, per-

An old man in the suburbs says he has suffered from rheumatism for thirty years and no one ever gave him a word of kindly sympathy or thought it a disease worth fearing until the President had it. Fashion does not lessen the agony of its horrible twinges.

A hill has passed the Taxas Senate and will probably pass the House, prohibiting dealing in futures and fixing a fine of not less than \$100 and not more than \$500 and Australia, by as much as they are nearer imprisonment in the county jail for six to the central markets of the country. months, each day the business is conducted Poets, not in Arabia alone, The problem of iron production between to constitute a separate offence. Texas You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

A startling story of plundering officials in Quebec comes over the wires. Have our

defaulters devoted themselves to pupils? The New York Mail describes a ladies

Old winter seems to extend his courtesies A Swiss correspondent says: "The winter est progress toward the achievement of our possibilities shall be secured. We have been charming in the absence of cold winds."

A member of the General Court says that

'no one likes to be chairman of the

suffrage committee, because a man hates especially when it is hers by right.

nurseries are quite as beneficial to the sex | tion answered. as indoor ones. Thirty-three German railroads have experimented satisfactorily with the tele-phone upon moving trains, when not Think of adding "Hello, Central," and all the numerous responses, to the brakeman's yell, the newsboy's eries dren or even members of the sterner sex-

case of all. The disaster in West Spring- the government they might be required to home, however restricted the limits that go of the supplement of flames. At White abridgement of "retainers" they cannot for

To the Editor of The Globe:

Which is the correct form, "Our needle in the hole, where the last stitch Father, Who art in heaven," or "Our Father, Which art in heaven"? It is not out of curiosity that I ask this, but from a desire tolearn. Setting aside all quotations from the Bible of any denomination, which is grammatically correct? I certainly say the first is.

A Heavy Cold on the Chest.

That William A half-stitch, that is, only three loops on needle.

Second row—Commence with a half-stitch, needle in hole, and back half of loop. Third stitch, sheedle in hole, loop, draw all together. Repeat Finish the row with whole stitch. When the rows end with a whole stitch, always company with the same on the past row.

To the Editor of The Globe: If it was my own case I should take eight or ten folds of cloth saturated in very cold water, wrung out so as not to drip much,

In cases of croup, this treatment I venture to say, will cure ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. I never knew it to fail. Itshould to say, will cate this to fail. It should be applied in the first stages, as soon as the child begins to bark like a young puppy. Generally the first application will give relief within one or two minutes. I have made as many as three applications before

A Good Recipe for Cold or Cough.

To the Editor of The Globe Take a nice lemon, cut it open, stuff it full of flaxseed candy, then eat it, Keep eating candy and lemons and say this will do me good. Use a little "mental philosophy." not take cough medicines or hot drinks; thought. "Little Phil." always thinks to some purpose.

not take cough medicines of hot drinks, you only prolong your misery. Simple remedies are the best. Dry mustard placed between two thin layers of muslin and worn over the lungs may be beneficial in Psychiatrics. PSYCHIATER.

The Room and the Walking Fly. To the Editor of The Globe:

There is a room forty feet long, thirty feet wide and twelve feet high. What is in going from the upper corner to the opposite. lower corner on the floor? Will some of the readers of the "People's Column" give the answer? LYNN.

lodine Spraying and Tar. To the Editor of The Globe: Some one asks for information about inhaling iodine. lodine is used in a diluted form for throat troubles. A friend of mine

was cured of bronchitis by spraying the Here is a simple remedy I wish "Sufferer" t in a tin teapot and place it on the stove. When heated open the lid and inhale the steam for eight or ten minutes. Do this two

or three times a day.
This is one of the best remedies for catarrh; many have been cured. It cured myself and I had no return of the trouble for years afterwards. It is excellent for lung troubles. It imparts a pleasant, sooth-ing sensation, and is perfectly harmless. I cannot say as much of iodine. DR. X.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

[T. B. Aldrich.] At Haroun's Court it chanced upon a time, An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme On hearing this, his highness smiled and gave The man a gold piece. Sing again, O slave Above his lute the happy singer bent, And, as before, the smiling Sultan gave The Sultan, listening, nodded as before,

The Sultan, furious, called a mute and said:

Still gave the gold, and still demanded more. The nimble fancy that had climbed so high. 16 on the middle one, 64 in all. Grew weary with its climbing by and by Strange discords rose, the sense went quite amiss plain.
Sixth round—*1 plain, make 1, 2 plain,
Sip 1, narrow, pass slipped stitch over, 2
plain,make 1 *; repeat from * to * to end o The singer's rhymes refused to meet and klss. Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung,

ound.
Seventh round—Plain.
Flighth round—Like sixth round.
Ninth round—Like seventh round.
Tenth round—Like sixth round.
Eleventh round—Like seventh round.

Articles from the Knitting

That Calla Lily Lamp Mat Knit Jacket

Long Chats with our Correspondents

The time for emptying our knitting basket has come around again, but so many pretty lain. Ninth row-43 plain, narrow, 4 plain, narpatterns and new designs for all sorts of ow, 43 plain. Eleventh row-43 plain, narrow, 2 plain. things, as well as directions given in reply Thirteenth row-43 plain, narrow, 43

Lady's Crochet Shoulder Cape, with

express your friendly interest in the "Hour" and its editor, whether from women, chil-Ribbons Run In. Materials-Two skeins of starlight Scotch

second—the same and a sylvar dates, where the same are the same as a sylvar the sylvar the same as a sylvar the sylvar

"Nour" Correspondence. [Communications intended for this de-partment must be directed Editor Woman's Hour, BOSTON DAILY GLOBE.]

The full name and address must be given, hough not necessarily for publication. Stamps must be enclosed when a personal nswer is desired.

MRS. H. D. C.. Sturbridge, Mass.—The skirt pattern in tricot given Jan. 30, is pronounced "perfect" by its author, and you you will be sure to like it. The jacket, too, is a new pattern, and very simple to make. This is a very useful article to wear under a clouk. We gave a Tam O'Shanter cap pattern a short time ago.

M. S.—The pattern you, wish is given. M. S.—The pattern you wish is given above.

rim. Bring fulness of hood near top in two plaits, and finish with a bow of ribbon, or 3 pompons.

To make a pompon, wind yarn round 3 fingers 200 times, tie tightly in centre, cut the ends and shave off smoothly.

Knitted Silk Undervest for Lady.

Materials—6 ounces of No. 300 Florence knitting silk. Two No. 17 steel needles. Or you can use starlight three-thread Saxony yarn.

This vest, which is low neck and shortsleeved, is knit in two pieces exactly alike, and sewed together at sides with floss, and sewed together at sides with floss. the ends and shave off smoothly.

Knitted Silk Undervest for Lady.

Materials—6 ounces of No. 300 Florence knitting silk. Two No. 17 steel needles. Or you can use starlight three-thread Saxony yarn.

This vest, which is low neck and short-sleeved, is knit in two pieces exactly alike, and sewed together at sides with floss, which is softer than silk.

Cast on very loosely 200 stitches, knit across plain.

**First row—*3 plain, seam 2*, repeat from * to * across.

Do 4 more rows like first row (preserving the ribbing).

Sixth row—All seamed across.**

Materials—6 ounces of No. 300 Florence when the great of and an invalid, and cannot go out to get new ideas about work.

The suggestion in today's GLOBE for exchange of fancy work. I think, is a good one, and I willsay 'aye' to it.

"I hope your advertisements will not crowd out the "Woman's Hour" again. as I should rather have three columns devoted to that than one to advertisements, for those are not of much interest to an invalid that has been continued in the house for the past three years. I lose all interest in The Globe of the Hour's left out; pray don't let it happen again.

"An Invalid."—You will find the rule for a pretty crocheted out-of-doors wrap given and illustrated in last week's "Hour."

Handkerchief Case—There are many ways of making handkarshief.

in the parts folded over at the corners and you then have a case shaped like a card case, and the whole length on the parts folded over at the corners and you then have a case shaped like a card case, and the procket on either side for the handkerchiefs, as and folding up like a book. These may be fastened and one left of them, are the mery politar for them, are the most popular for them, are the most popular for them, are the most power or variations of them, are the most power or variations of them, are the most power or variations of them, are the most popular for them as the corners and you then have a case shaped like a card case, a mand folding up like a book. These may be tastened and one left to open, like a melocope, if desired, or all mayunite. These two shapes, or variations of them, are the most popular for these cases. Are the directions plain?

"Too Cark Hoop."—We nave broken over our rule for the last time, as we said above, and have reprinted this pattern. Be sure to save this, as it cannot be given." J. H. H." and others.

"To Correspondent time time how the torpely to all your lettes, but the stack is so high that we have neither time nor space of the graph to all your lettes, but the stack is so high that we have neither time nor space of the stack is so high that we have neither time nor space of the case can and lay it in the parts folded over at the corners and you then have a case shaped like a card case, a pocket on either side for the handkerchiefs, and folding up like a book. These may be fastened and one left to open, like an envelope, if desired, or all mayunite. These two shapes, or variations of them, are the most popular for these case, and have reprinted this pattern. Be sure to save this, as it cannot be given. The corner of the sure of the pattern of the pa

"J. H. H." and others.

To Correspondents.—We are sorry not to reply to all your lettes, but the stack is so high that we have neither time nor space to do so this week, and shall have to bring up arrears in our next number.

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2d. OFFER. \$50 will be given to the Agent sending the next to the largest number of Yearly Subscribers between now and May 1, 1887. On this offer each contestant is allowed to deduct the regular cash commission on each subscriber before

3d OFFER. \$25 will be given to the Agent whose list of Yearly Subscribers ranks third in number, and is sent between now and May 1, 1887. On this offer each contestant is allowed to deduct the regular cash commission on each subscriber be-4th OFFER. \$13 will be given to the Agent whose list of Yearly Subscriptions ranks fourth in number, and is sent between now and May 1, 1887. On this offer each contestant is allowed to deduct the regular cash commission on each sub-

seriber before sending in his name.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

If any Agent's club does not expire until after May 1, 1887, he should get the subscribers renew before that date, and in that way make them count on his list for the premium. It will make no difference to the subscriber when he renews, because the fourteen menths will not

begin to ran until his last year's subscription has expired. Agence may send in names as fast as they procure them, one or more at a time, and they will be credited with the names as sent. Only state every time that you are a contestant for the above Agents must send cash with each order, else the right to count the name or names then sent

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE, BOSTON, MASS.

we can. Write on one side of the paper only, and send in as soon as possible. JEAN KINCAID.

Like it Vhas in Sherman [Karl Dunder in Detroit Free Press.] Der poor-house vhas full of beoples who pelief dot tomorrow while bring 'em luck.

No man can buy der constitutional rights of another, but maype you can lick him und

kicker.

Charity vhas a great und good thing, but vhen we make oafercoats for der children of Afric and doand puv some tiannels for our own family maype ve had better shtop a leedle.

Vhen a poy vhas vhistling he can't fix oop some vhay to steal my grabes or carry off my gade.

It has taken some men fifty years of hardt vhork to reach a position in which dey schall haf der abuse of der bublic for der remainder of deir days.

Beople should cultivate a happy expression of countenance. If you meet a man mit a grin on his face you doan' expect dot he hadt a fight mit his vife only life minutes pefore, or dot his furniture vhas to be sold by a shattel mortgage.

Go a leetle slow. Nopody can boil eggs in cold vater. It vhas petter to be at der tailend of der procession dan to shlip down at der front und let somepody vhalk all oafer you.

Lybas took notice dot eafery mans haf his

Juniper Island, about three miles off from Burlington Breakwater. The dwellers on the island asked for the director of the survey that they might look through his most powerful glass. At a certain hour the request was granted, and the director adjusted the glass so as to cover a certain farm house that was pointed out. The islanders wore unusually long faces. The one who was peering through the glass became deeply actuated; the other islanders took their handkerchiefs from their pockets. The observer called out: "There, they are getting through the services; now they are bringing the body out; now they have him in the hearse." With every new announcement the little group of friends set up a new wail, and there was no bause till the procession had disappeared behind a hill.

BOIL IT DOWN.

American Catholic News. Whatever you have to say, my friend, Whether witty, or grave, or gay, Condense as much as ever you can, And say it the readiest way; And whether you write of rural affairs, Or matters and things in town.

So, when you have a story to tell.

And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,

Whether prose or verse, just try
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly brown, Just look it over again, and then

If you want a little renown, And every time you write, my friend,

Advertising Pills by Sample,

Chicago Herald.1
"I like to see energetic and ingenious advertising," remarked an Indiana avenue lweller," as I occasionally do a little something in that line myself. Moreover, I think advertising by sample a sensible and rational method, with many advantages both to advertiser and consumer. But the line must be drawn somewhere, and I draw line must be drawn somewhere, and I draw it on pills. Last week men were at work out our way distributing little boxes of somebody's liver pills as samples. They thew a box in my yard, and, of course, my boy—he's about 8—got hold of it, and, not feeling very well, concluded to sample the sample. Not satisfied with one dose, he went up and down the street, in and out of my neighbors' yards, picking up and swallowing all the pills he could find, and it must have been a good many. He has recovered, but I don't think pills a proper article to advertise by sample. Next thing we know manufacturers of dynamite and rat poison and potato bug powder will be throwing their samples around. I draw the line on pills."

Revenge for Former Cibes. Pittsburg Dispatch Pittsburg man - What! Have you no actural gas here.
Eastern man (on his native heath)-No. sir.
Pittsburg man—How in the world do you manage to get along? I suppose you merely exist.

Cause for a Codfish War.

Somerville Journal.]

Before this fisheries trouble is finally settled we hope that some measures will be taken to prevent the Eastport sardine packers from intlicting on an innocent and hungry public four-inch herrings boiled in kerosene oil.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9, 1887.

Many subscriptions will expire with this question of internal adjustment of our re- growl, grin, guzzle and smoke.

THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

The classics as a popular study are very

HORTICULTURAL SCHOOLS. No happier suggestion has been proposed in many a day than the one made in the State, with it, if she only possessed a practical

There ought to be ther places for unemployed females besides the large cities, that consume their precious lives as In the possession of a garden and a conthat nothing could take away from her. can be that trains of cars may be heated and the production of poultry and eggs are the heating apparatus in case of acciprofitable as well as attractive occupations dent, and it is equally certain that for her, if once her taste turns itself in the use of coal oil lamps in cars market is a calling for which she pos-

The American people are not permitted pended upon to inaugurate the lurid feast resources marvellous in their variety and extent. Even the precocious philosophers the several States should at once confer of the district schools are prepared to main- upon their boards of railroad commistain this welcome fact, and their advantage sioners the necessary power to force railis followed up by the more ponderous as- road corporations to do what all experience surances that fall from the rural forum. has shown that they will not do of their The heralds who proclaim it, however, own accord. Our own Great and General have in many instances, after the manner Court may well take the initiative in this of heralds, only a parroty appreciation of pressingly important matter. the truths that they utter. Even the oraquire a more comprehensive grasp of the matter, are so impressed by the attribute of

basis of the American republic. In an economic sense the country has not yet passed beyond the experimental stage, and the experiments up to date have not been wholly satisfactory. The universe of natural resources and acquired skill is represented within our boundary lines. On the south the breath of the tropics floats no to nourish vegetation in perpetual bloom. From the north the breezes, tempered by frozen seas, come down to us and play their part in ministering to human

needs and desires. What four continents can do America can do. She is, indeed, the new world. Some of the lost arts she has brought again to the light and her genius to supply the long-felt want of a thorough has inspired the revelation of many wondrous and kindly secrets that have surrendered to her searching spirit. Nature has endowed this industrial republic upon a scale of magnificent liberality. an unceremonious "good afternoon" to some It has been left to selfish and short-sighted statecraft to cramp and distort the principle of expansive growth within her by a rigid. inflexible and artificial system which is called by the misnomer of "Protection to called by the misnomer of "Protection to most trouble, but his Republican friends."

American industries." It is assumed that "Old Abe" had a forcible way of putting every industry, whether old or new, requires this soothing syrup in allepathic quantities. and, as in all stimulating or forcing pro-

reduces every interest to a common stan-

Basket.

to Wear Under Cloaks.

on Various Topics.

to anxious inquirers, have accumulated

We are always glad to receive letters

from our readers, we other you write to ask for information of any sort, to praise what

Repeat these last 6 rounds 6 times, then knit three plain rounds.

From here the work is done back and forth in plain knitting. Knit 40 plain, turn work, slip 1, 15 plain, turn again, 16 plain, for 38 rows, always slipping the first stitch; these form a narrow stripe.

Now pick up on one side of the stripe 19 stitches, work them and the 24 stitches from one needle plain, turn, and work all stitches plain,

You are now on the other side of the stripe; again pick up 19 stitches, work them and the 24 stitches from the other needle plain.

First row—Of the foot; 43 plain, narrow, 12 plain, narrow, knit 43 plain.

Second row—Plain.

Second row—Plain.

Firth row—43 plain, narrow, 8 plain, narrow, knit 43 plain.

Fifth row—43 plain, narrow, 8 plain, narrow, knit 43 plain.

Sixth row—Plain.

Sixth row—43 plain, narrow, 6 plain, narrow, 43 plain.

Eighth and all remaining even rows—Plain.

Ninth row—43 plain, narrow, 4 plain, nar-

Threenth row—Plain,
plain,
Fifteenth row—Plain,
Seventeenth row—Narrow, 34 plain, narrow,
row, 12 plain, narrow, 34 plain, narrow.
Nineteenth row—Narrow, 34 plain, narrow.
Twenty-first row—Narrow, 32 plain, narrow,
s plain, narrow, 82 plain, narrow.
Twenty-second row—Plain.
Bind off loosely, sew up foot and heel.

we have done, to suggest new things which it would be well for us to do, or merely to

the brakeman's youther consequences that the "Home" the state of the s

"Which" was Formerly Correct.

To the Editor of The Globe:
I desire very much to present the following question to the readers of the "People's labeled a labeled through all the stitches five in all "Second on the needle well drawn out. Draw the worsted through all the stitches five in all "Second on the labeled Calla Lify Mat.

First—Nake a chain of 7 stitches and join into a circle. Make 17 double crochet. Second—On chain made by last double, crochet another round, increasing one in every other chain.

Third—Increase in every third chain.

mence with the same on the next row. Toboggan Hood, Star Stitch. Materials-One skein dark starlight and on going to bed place it on the chest Scotch yarn, one-half skein colored, or the and cover warm. Relief would come in a hood may be all one shade. Bone hook, medium size. (Any other pretty stitch may

> Make a chain of 4 stitches, join in a ring, then fill the ring with 20 double crochet.
>
> First round—Plain star stitch.
> Second round—Increase every second star.
> Third and fourth rounds—Increase every

Fifth round—Increase every sixth star.
Sixth round—Increase every eighth star.
Seventh and eighth rounds—Increase every tenth star.
Ninth and tenth rounds—Increase every twelfth star.
Eleventh round. Eleventh round-Increase every fifteenth After the eleventh round crochet plain star stitch round and round until the hood measures 13 inches in length from top. The hood is then in the shape of a cap. Now reverse the hood, holding wrong side towards you, crochet round 4 times and finish with a shell edge. This is the rim. Bring fulness of hood near top in two plaits, and finish with a bow of ribbon, or 3 hompous.

Do 4 more rows like first row (preserving the ribbing).

Sixth row—All seamed across.**

Repeat from ** to ** till you have a piece about 24 inches long; here arrange the work so that in beginning the next row the wrong side of the fabric is next you. Now knit ribbing till you have used 50 stitches. Put remaining 150 stitches on a cord, tie so stitches cannot come off. Now on the 50 stitches left knit pattern just as you have been doing, and on every row on neck side at end narrow once. Repeat this till your stitches are reduced to 20. Upon these 20 still continue pattern for a length of six inches without narrowing: bind off. Now put 150 stitches that are on cord on to needle and bind off loosely 100 stitches. Upon the remaining 50 do a strip like one just finished, having the narrowing come on neck side. just finished, having the narrowing come on neck side.

Knit other half of vest exactly the same, joining the straps on top of shoulders: now, on 100 stitches that were bound off, with the crochet needle fill in with open-work as follows: *1 treble crochet in 1st stitch, 5 chain*; repeat from * to * across and break silk at end of every row. Upon the row already finished work another row the same, except have the treble come midway of chain of previous row. So alternate for 9 rows. Fill in the space entirely, both front and back pieces. Finish neck, sleeves and bottom of shirt with crocheted holes finished with shell edges. Run ribbon round neek to tie it.

Materials-1 skein of starlight threehread Saxony yarn; 4 steel needles, No. 17. Cast 24 stitches on first and third needles, First round—Plain knitting, secondand fourth rounds seamed, fifth

Infant's Knitted Sock, Small Size.

up arrears in our next number.

The number which we devoted to the topic of domestic work has drawn out some very interesting replies. The editor would be pleased if all readers would express their views on this subject, and we will be glad to print arreary of them as

Just take a word of friendly advice-Boil it down. make him afraid to exercise 'em.

Der older I vhas der more I pelief dot If you go spluttering over a page, young folks phas pecoming wery foolish !

When writing an article for the press,

An article lazily long. And the general reader does not care For a couple of yards of song. So gather your wits in the smallest space,

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

ple Adath Israel was delivered last week

cased to exist on account of this interneone warfare.

This we are placed upon a battlefield of conflicting interests, and it is left for our of conflicting interests, and it is left for our one way right through the midst of it, and to pass through all its various stages with the least possible discomfort to our selves and with the least possible irritation to others.

Practical religion should teach man how he could

Squeeze Through the Meshes of life with the least possible friction, and to organize such social conditions and such a mode of intercourse between man and man, that every individual could pass his life tolerably happy.

In my last lecture I spoke of truth, which, as I expressed it, is the stepping stone to justice; today I wish to direct your attention to another department of practical religion, to its task of creating a clear persection of what is just and unjust in the minuse of its adherents.

There has ever been a difference of princing in regard to the sources of both the perception of what is just or unjust and the sentiment in rayor of justice. Some have seen as sixth sense, which, as the eye makes him behold light and the ear makes him comprehend sound, makes him instinctively comprehend what is just or unjust, right or wrong. This sense they called the moral sense or the conscience. The opponents of this theory assert that there is no such sixth sense born with the personal interests of the individuals would constantly come in confidency by the general interest of humanity. Wherever, by force of circumstances, neople are brought together into such close proximity that the personal interests of the individuals would constantly come in confidency by the general interest of humanity. Wherever, by force of circumstances, neople are brought to get the interest of humanity. Wherever, by force of circumstances, neople are brought to get the property of every member of a society must be respected, so must every member be held responsible for the execution of the decrease in consequence of the i

must be respected, so must every member be held responsible for the fulfilment of his promises and engagements.

It matters little whether our conscience has been born with us or whether we have obtained it artificially by education. The fact is that we have a conscience. It must, therefore, be the task of practical religion to make these perceptions as clear as possible, and the corresponding sentiment as strong as possible.

The individual as such both gives and receives. He gives away a slice of his personal liberty in order to receive in exchange the guarantee of society for his own life, liberty and property. If he breaks his faith society tears up its contract with him. The out-

It has given to the one a strong constitu

It has given to the one a strong constitution, to the other a feeble one. It has endowed one with a surplus of muscles and a minimum of brains and reversed the order in another. It has distributed passions and tastes indiscriminately and, so to say, unintelligently. One is born in poverty, the other with a golden spoon in his mouth congets all the opportunities to develop his faculties; the other has none whatsoever. Even religion is a matter of accident. One is reared in one system of religious thought, and becomes attached to it by a thousand different ties, another, also by accident of birth, becomes an equally zealous member of another religious orranization.

Would you call this equality? Can we uphold, indeed, the theory that all men are born alike? If several persons were to contest in a race, would justice not demand it that their opportunities and chances to win should be the same? Would you place the healthy and the cripple, the strong and the weak, the stout and the slender on the same course? We judge our fellow-beings according to this mistaken idea of equality, we, too, demand of the passionate and the phlegmatic, of the strong and the feele, of the one who has had all opportunities to develop his faculties and of the one who has had none, that they should actalike, and we hold them responsible if they do not.

Alsolute justice should start quite on the contrary—with the inequality of man, and cought to correct nature; he should judge the contrary—with the inequality of man, and cought to correct nature; he should indice the responsible if they do not.

Alsolute justice should start quite on the contrary—with the inequality of man, and cought to correct nature; he should indice the responsible if they do not.

Alsolute justice should start quite on the contrary—with the inequality of man, and cought to correct nature; he should indice the series of the pressure of minimum the correct of minimum the series of minimum the correct of minimum the correct of minimum the correct of the correct of minimu FAINT-HEARTED.

[Somerville Journal.]

I asked her if she'd marry me,

Love made me half demented. She kindly heard my earnest plea, And blushingly consented.

My nerves are quite unsteady.

I loved her then and love her now. Her love makes life worth living;

Sometimes I wish that I were free, And hadn't gone and done it, Since her papa has shown to me The bill for her last bonnet.

TILTON, N. H., February 7 .- Chellis Sar-

Dead at the Age of 110.

But secretly I must avow, I feel a strong misgiving.

Since then the wedding day she's set.

has been denounced as an evil from time war which will involve all Europe, and which promises to become more atrocious and destructive than any war that has ever

been waged upon earth.
Religion, parrot-like, rehearses the pious wish that swords ought to be changed into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks; but, on the other hand, have not all ploughshares and spears into pruninghooks; but, on the other hand, have not all
religions persistently joined issue with one
or the other party in case of war? Have
not in both camps the representatives of religion directed their petition to God—the
God of love—that He should assist them in
their murderous work? Have not the representatives of all religions frequently
stirred up people to plunge themselves into
wars for the sake of a trifling religious principle? And, again, how little attention
does the pulpit devote to the denunciation
of outrages committed in this or any other
country against people of different race,
color, or religion?

Justice, theoretically, guarantees the life
or the individual, but it apparently concerns itself little in regard to the opportunities of a man to make a living. Justice
will protect a man against the dagger of a
murderer, it will hinder him even, if possible, to commit suicide, but it apparently
cares little if a man dies by starvation.
Here it shirks its duty every time, and
attempts to smuggle it over into the hepartment of charity. Charry is expected to
supply what justice ought to have supplied
long before.

If a man by his birth has a right to live,
if he has a right to be granted him to

gent while walking on the track was struck this morning by No. 2 freight, south-bound, drawn by two engines. He was caught by the cowcatcher and thrown 100 feet on the track, and dragged 500 feet. His head was terribly mangled, his legs cut off, his arm crushed, and his ciothing and flesh strewn along the track. He was 86 years old, and leaves a widow and three children. He was an old and wealthy citizen. PUTNAM, Conn., February 5.-Intelligence has just reached this city of the death of

If a man by his birth has a right to live, if he has a right to build up a family, the opportunities ought to be granted him to support himself and his family. If a man is able and willing to work, society, if justice prevails, must supply him with work and give him such an equivalent for it that 'Indoubtedly she was the oldest person in he and his family can live by it. If he is the State.

mcapacitated for work, society again ought to provide for him. But justice shirks its duty and unloads itself upon charity.

Through mechanical contrivances labor has been divided into such small fractions

Does Not Provide for Him.

BANGOR'S LUMBER SUPPLY.

t Should Confine Itself to the Present Life.

the Popular Life.

The twelfth lecture in his course at Temple Adath Israel was delivered last week by Rahibi Schindler. The lacturers add:

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The Life.

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The twelfth lecture in his course at Temple Adath Israel was delivered last week by Rahibi Schindler. The lacturers add:

The laborer performs only one small fractions that one swall into the labor market, and receives single man or by a man with a large family, if the work is done to which he is in need is done by a single man or by a man with a large family, if the work is done to a standstill he dismisses has laborers, or a part of his forces, and closes his factory or keeps it running with reduced forces.

The laborer who, during the busy season, had received sunicient, but not more, wages than were absolutely needed to support himself, now thrown, without his fault, or anylong the property of the property of the property of the property of the property of

An extra lesson was given at the cooking | He Disposes of Andover Heretics in His school Saturday morning on the subject of

The twelfth lecture in bis course at Temple Adath Fasal was colivored last week by Rabbi Schindler. The lecturer said:

In ancient times the belief was current that dreams were messages such by the card to events which were to occur the unargue of the course of the co of the art culturary. She was an extremely of the introduction of original hymns, and the fact more of the learning ingredient, that a feature of the learner would be the distribution of original hymns, and the first morsel of feministry, and had tostand on a wooden box belinds the domonstration of certaintes," we are the work that the solution of certaintes, "the Creed of Certaintes," we are the work of the many the processor Excellent in the way of candies, beginning the high graph of the waste of the country that a feature of the learning the window of the state of the certaintes, we are the work of the certaintes, and the learning the window of the state of the certaintes, and the learning to the tune of "Rock of Ages," the design of the work of the certaintes, we are the work of the certaintes, and the certaintes of the certaintes, and the cert

very dry; put the spinach juice into a saucepan and let it heat till it just curdles: then strain through a cloth again, and the curd which remains in the cloth is the coloring matter to be used. Mix the curd with sugar for candies, frostings, etc., or with flour when this is to be used in soups, as the curd does not mix directly with the other ingredients.

It will take but a moment for the spinach in the curd but a moment for the spinach is considered to the coloring terms of the spinach in the curd of the curd of the spinach in the spinach

ince to curdle, and it must be watched to see that it does not boil, as this would spoil It.
This pale green coloring in frosting has been very popular this season, and is very pretty indeed, especially when used as a top layer over a plain white frosting, just as in chocolate cream frosting.

Pink Coloring. Take one-half ounce each cochineal bugs, alum, cream of tartar and salts of tartar, one-half pint boiling water and one-

half pound granulated sugar.
Mix cochineal, alum and cream tartar

What Operators Have to Say on the Situation.

Bangor, Me., February 6.—Business in Bangor, to a considerable extent, is governed by the amount of lumber cut on the Penobscot waters. While this fact is not so plainly marked as formerly, still it cannot be denied that at the present time when the lumber operators make a small winter's cut of logs, the trade of our merchants and many minor industries are perceptibly affected throughout the season.

The operators thus far this winter have been unfortunate. In the fall there were probably twenty-five more concerns which put crews into the woods than in any season previous, and the lumber dealers predicted the heaviest cut of logs ever made on the river. As a consequence there will be a decided fall in the price of manufactured lumber next season. But unforeseen circumstances have arisen to change these opinions, and now, unless the weather and other conditions should be perfect for the next two months, the crews will come out of the woods with less logs hauled than last year.

The cause is easily explained. It spowed

Raspberry Creams. To one dessert spoonful raspberry jam

nus outer; bon an together twenty min-ntes, stirring meanwhile, and then try in cold water; if it will crack it is done, ready to turn out in a pan. Cool and cut in squares. If cooked a little longer than the rule requires the result will be not the elastic caramel but the sugary variety. Either can be made. Butter Scotch. Two cups brown sugar, one cup water,

two even tablespoonfuls butter; boil sugar and water till hard enough to break when tried in water: then add butter and pour tried in water: then and butter and pour into a buttered dish.

Do not stir when cooking. Melt the butter before added to the mixture. Let it cool slightly in the buttered pan; then mark off into squares with a knife and finish the cooling process

Cream Peppermints.

Boil two cups granulated sugar and one-half cup boiling water for five minutes; add

Checkermints. These are made in the same way as peppermints, only colored pink with cochineal and flavored with oil of wintergreen.

Chocolatemints. Add a few drops of melted chocolate to the boiled sugar and water, flavor with vanilla; beat to a cream and drop as before. Tutti-Frutti Candies.

Into soft pink fondant put candied cher ries and lay into a buttered breadpan, pressries and lay into a buttered breadpan, pressing it flat on top; make a second layer of
fondant colored green, into which pistachio
nuts have been put; color a third layer yellow, with citron or walnuts in it, etc. Let
was crushed and killed by a rolling log
the whole get very cold, and cut in slices

with a chopping knife or a large carving knife.

Easy Candy. A very easy candy can be made with the white of an egg, an equal quantity of water and confectioners' sugar enough to make a stiff paste. Make little balls and put them between walnuts, dates, almonds, etc. This can be made anywhere, even in the parlor, and is very little trouble indeed.

Glace Nuts and Fruits. Boil two cups sugar and one cup boiling water until it threads; and one-half cup water it will crack between the teeth. With buttered forks, dip the nuts or fruit into the syrup and drop on to buttered pans.

JEAN KINCAID.

COOK'S FIRST GUN.

As the hour for the first of this season's removed cyc-water, his war footing surely lacks one ingredient, namely, the ships; but it no less true that he has the mone, was nearly all taken up, and not a scatcoald be found in the galleries. Every inch on the platform was taken by the ministers, and among others were present fluid or with the spirit needs to be added to make flow the post of the lacking and queens of Europe on too that the spirit season's that a feature of the lectures would be the introduction of original hymns, and the first one, "The Creed of Certainties," was the new and the first one, "The Creed of Certainties," was the new and the first one, "The Creed of Certainties," was the new and the time of which introduction of original hymns, and the first one, "The Creed of Certainties," was the new and the first one, "The Creed of Certainties," was the new and the new and the new and the singing being led by Professor Excell of Chicago. liberty to sell his labor to somebody else if he chooses, and thus he has no demand upon society. But what is the laborer to do during such periods of stagnation? If he is too proud to ask for charity he must starve—and justice has used equality of man. There or namental branch upon the assumed equality of man. There or south of sales in order to be high enough to work scale.

Whet does religious to sell his labor to somebody else if he chooses, and thus he has no demand upon society. But what is no demand upon society. But what is no demand upon society. But what is the laborer to do during such periods of stagnation? If he is too proud to ask for charity he must starve—and justice has the morning was Miss A. The lecturer for the morning was filed up rapidly, till the body of the house was nearly all taken up, and not a staken by the min the pl

When youldhange the centre of the circle cal divisions: Mix cochineal, alum and cream tartar together and add water (one cup = one-half vint) and put on the fire, in a saucepan, where it will keep warm, but not boil, for twenty-five minutes. Add gradually the salts of tartar, stir, lett it efferyesce, add sugar and stir until dissolved. Strain and it is ready for use. Can be kept a long time, bottled, in a coolplace.

Orange Creams.

Orange Creams.

Grate the rind from an crange: add a speck of tartaric acid; add two tablespoonfuls confectioners' sugar and enough orange in tule confectioners' sugar and enough orange in the confection of the evangelical creeds. I have shaken hands with missionaries would change the centre of the circle would change every portion of the some time. All the provided lands and the provided lands.

The tircle would change the centre of the circle would change every lead Mount Sinal; or, I might have said, not from the great Andover that was, but the little Andover that is. I feel that men of sound opinions ought to break the silence.

Those who teach these criatic doctrines are in high places. But must we not say that their doctrines are revolutionary and misleading? In the nineteenth century to introduce something perilously near to a controversion of the principles of evangelical doctrines! I happen to know that there are five perfectly sound theological seminaries, and the others may become sound if the chirches do their duty. Keep close to the heart of Christ as represented in the Bible, and you will be near to the forehead of God. The philosophy of Christianity all springs from the

Necessity of Immediate Repentance. Robert Browning emphasizes the word "now," and puts to confusion those who put forth the siren of hope for those who have become crystallized in their love for have become crystallized in their love for the thing God hates, and their hatred of things God loves. I believe as solemnly as that I exist that you cannot wrench out of the New Testament any doctrine that does not include the necessity of immediate re-pentance, a repentance before death. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Sam

Maspherry Creams.

To one dessert spoonful raspuerry jam add confectionery sugar to make paste as alove. Make into balls and dip into melted fordant, which has been colored pink with cochineal.

Coceanut Creams.

Two tablespoonful sgrated coceanut and one tablespoonful fondant; work together: add vanilla; make into balls and dip in melted fondant flavored with yanilla.

Creamed Wainuts or Almonds.

Make balls of the kneaded fondant and press half a walnut on each side; or melt the fondant, flavor with vanilla, and drop in walnuts or almonds, as in case of orange creams, and drop on buttered paper.

Chocelate Creams.

Melt one square unsweetened chocolate with one teaspoon water, add an equal quantity of melted fondant, and in this mixture dip white balls of fondant flavored with vanilla. Cool on buttered paper.

Be very careful not to let the chocolate cook; it must melt only, and it is better to put it in a dish over the steam of the teaker tle, or, if a large quantity, in a double boller.

Take five scant cups granulated sugar, one-half pound unsweetened chocolate, one fulls butter; boil all together twenty minutes, stirring meanwhile, and then try in cold water; if it wil creack it is done, ready to turn out in a pan. Cool and cut in squares. If cooked a little longer than the rule requires the result will te not the elastic carame but the sugary variety.

Either can be made.

To one dessert spoonful raspeerry jam and confered by Rev. Sam Jahove, Mark then deteath. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Sam Janes the olerate heat the bectures would be published by Rand & Avery, and would be on sale at the book-stores. Mr. Cook and that the lectures would be published by Rand & Avery, and would be make thought that the lectures would be published by Rand & Avery, and would be make thought that the lectures would be published by Rand & Avery, and would that th

Montreal, 4th inst.—School house, at St. Monique, destroyed by fire and four young girls were burned to death.
Newburg, N. Y., 31st ult.—One of the buildings of Chadwick Brothers' bleachery, half cup bolling water for five minutes; add a few drops of oil of peppermint, beat to a cream and drop on buttered paper.

In removing from the fire to beat and drop it is better to take a part at a time, as the whole will get too hard to manage. Drop from the end of a teaspoon, in sizes to suit, or pour into a little pitcher and drop quickiy on a marble slab.

buildings of Chadwick Brothers' bleachery, \$60,000.

In Carthage, Ill., 1st inst.—The Grace flouring mill, \$50,000.

Helena, Mont., 2d inst.—The International-Hotel and four other buildings, \$55,000. Fond Du Lac, Wis., 2d inst.—Warehouses of the Fond Du Lac Furniture Company, \$60,000.

St. Louis, Mo., 3d inst.—The warehouse

\$60,000. St. Louis, Mo., 3d inst. — The warehouse of the Drummond Tobacco Company, \$250,-

000.
Minooka, Ill., 3d inst. The entire business portion of the town, \$30,000.
Cambridge, 4th inst. Car and construction house with car of the Meigs Elevated Railroad Company, \$10,000.
Near Hartford, Conn., 4th inst, Residence of William Gowdy, \$16,000.
Hurley, Wis., 5th inst. Seven business buildings, \$50,000.

Military Strength of the United States.

Over 7.000.000 Ken Available in Case

New England Alone Will Nearly Equal the Canadians in Militia.

WASHINGTON, February 5 .- There had

Income of a new part of the Scriptures. To roads as follows: "And the Cyro-Phenician, so woman said: "I have nive brethren who know not the fruth. What must trey do to be saved?" And Christ said: 'He who in this world knows not me and my works, in may know me in the life everlasting and its means and facilities of transports the site of the world knows not me and my works, in may know me in the life everlasting and its means and facilities of transports the normal in this world knows not me and my works, in may know me in the life everlasting and its means and facilities of transports the normal in this world knows not me and my works, in may know me in the life everlasting and its means and facilities of transports the normal in this world knows not me and the means and facilities of transports and the swell do the said: 'He who in this world knows in the my works, in may know me in the life everlasting and the means and facilities of transports and the swell do the world step and it would see the control of the means the step and the world step all night in bed with a swell-pox patient and not catch the discussion. The bursen of the adjustant-general to design the state of the world step all night in bed with a swell-pox patient and not catch the discussion of the military strength of the Union.

The cross Superfluous.

It would eventually, so soon as hereditary down and the world step all night in bed with a swell-pox patient and not catch the discussion. This is decrine and the local hard of the super of the s

and is arranged according to the geographi-Maine.... New Hampshire.... ...11,325 8,271 ennsylvania New Jersey... Totals.... ... 24,485

should be no barbarians." The gospel is to be preached in every nation for a witness, and what then? Then cometh the end. I believe most solemily that we are on a wave that will rise until we shall have an international evangelization. And then? Then cometh the end.

FIRE RECORD.

Middletown, Conn., 5th inst.—Stiles & Parker Press Company's premises. Loss \$700,000.

Paterson, N. J., 5th inst.—The Harmony Mill. Loss \$250,000; insured.
Fall River Mass., 5th inst.—Three-story building; \$20,000; insured.
Rochester, N. Y., 3d inst.—State Industrial School, iemale department. Loss \$100,000.

Montreal, 4th inst.—School house, at St. Monique, destroyed by fire and four young girls were burned to death.
Newburg, N. Y., 31st ult.—One of the buildings of Chadwick Brothers' bleachery, \$60,000.

those parts from maintaining a militia, although South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Virginia, and a few of the other States where mixed troops are enrolled make a very formidable showing.

An Ottawa despatch in the Globe of Friday boasted that the Canadians had 37,350 organized soldiers, less than a third as many as are enrolled in the United States.

Totals. — "Red Soft All Control of the Control of t

still to be sufficient to deter the gentry of those parts from maintaining a militua, although South Carolina. Florida, Georgia. Virginia, and a few of the other States

He alone can save."

Robert Owings of Center township, Perry county, while out hunting the other day, saw a rabbit run through a fence, and was preparing to shoot it when he slipped and fell discharging his gun. Hastily gathering himself up, and looking around to see where his game had gone, he discovered the cotten-tall lying dead a few yards away, having been killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

ing been killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

A few years ago, at the auction of the property of Christopher Curtis, who died in Atlanta, an old Bible was bought by a citizen for \$1. He put the book away and thought no more about it until the other day, when E. W. Curtis of Providence, R. I. called on him and said that the Bible had belonged to him, and had been loaned to his brother Christopher. The buyer at once gave up the book, and was surprised when Mr. Curtis offered him \$25, saying that the Bible was one of the famous "Breeches Edition"; but he refused to take more than the \$1 that he had paid.

although South Carolina. Florida, Georgia, Virginia. and a few of the other States where mixed troops are enrolled make a very formidable showing.

A Ottawa despatch in the Globe of Friday boasted that the Canadians had 37,350 organized soldiers, less than a third as many as are enrolled in the United States.

When comparison is made between the unorganized militias of the two countries, the New Englanders alone will very nearly enal all the Canadians above the snow. Hence the people of the other thirty-two States may leave their powder out in the rain and caimly and safely say: "Give them a little more grape, Captain Bayard."

DDD ITEMS.

The newest craze in New York City is for white furniture.

An Contarro firm is chipping 15,000 barrels of flour to Newfoundland.

An Contarro firm is chipping 15,000 barrels of flour to Newfoundland.

An Contarro firm is chipping 15,000 barrels of flour to Newfoundland.

A Polk county (Ga.) man is living pleasantly with his eighth wife. We quote: Early Rose, 50@00c @ bush; Beaut; Hebron, 55@63c @ bush; Burbank, 53@55c

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Water-Western cattle, 870; Eastern cattle, 154; Northern, 381, Total, 1405.
Western sheep and lambs, 4800; Eastern sheep and lambs, 522; Northern sheep and tambs, 628; Northern sheep and tambs, 1698. Total, 8010.
Swine, 19,113. Veals, 378. Horses, 472.
Prices of beef cattle per hundred bounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$4 50 to \$7 50.
Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, live weight.

FRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Per pound.

Per pound.

Brighton hides. ... 661/2c

Brighton tal... 362... c

Country hds,hy.662 c

Country hds,ly.663 c

Country hds,ly.664 c

Country hds,ly.664 c

Country hds,ly.665 c

Sheepskins... 85c/951 44

Country hds,lt... @1.3/4c Lambskins... 85c/951 40

A letter addresses.

Mich.," was sent to a post office expert, and he forwarded it to Faw Paw, Alich. He guessed right.—Burlington Free Press.

Rev. Dr. R. J. Freskinridge once asked his mother if the had not been too strict with her boys. Her witty reply was: "Who has whipped out three better preachers than I have?"

A Boston paper speaks of "an eminent New England horse trader," and it looks as his again on the dairy and it looks as sets again on the second of the court. Note books are also prohibited, and the attorney or spectator who attempts to make an abstract of the proceedings is quickly notified to desist. Benjamin Fert Indeed of the second of the court. Note books are also prohibited, and the attorney or spectator who attempts to make an abstract of the proceedings is quickly notified to desist. Benjamin Fert Indeed of the court. Note books are also prohibited, and the attorney of spectator who at man endered to wager \$20 authorities prevented him from carrying this plans.

John O. Snyder, the Indiana farmer who office innent is not comfortable whom he keeps still, had is, not account, and has hired out to a Chicago diem museum.

A farmer's house near Euffington caught in the when no water was at hand to put out the family and the dairy, and there of the court. The general limited to put bit splans.

A farmer's house near Euffington caught in the when no water was at hand to put out the family and the dairy, and there of the court of the special proposed in the vacant claim. Then draw of the proposed in the vacant claim. Then draw as \$2, with aggregate receipts we have a count of the court of was speaking when General Butgeneral's
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general second, and has hired out to a Chicago
dime museum.

A farmer's house near Euffington caught
for when no water was at hand to put out
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Bond and Stock Prices at 2.30 P. M. Bond and Stock Prices at 2.30 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.
Bid. Asked.
Aspinwall. 8½ 9
Bostoni.4. 8½ 8½ Ch. B & No. 80 82
Boylston. 4½ 6. B & No. 80 82
Boylston. 4½ 6. B & No. 80 82
Mayerick. 2½ 2½ Cin. 8 & Cl. 26½ 27
West End. 13% 13½ Eastern...129 131
SONDS.
Atchlsts..124½ 125
A&Plst 45 87
A&Plnte... 27 - K. Sp. & M. 68½ 70
Den er.. 97½ 98
Lastern 6s128% 129
KC. 8& Mosilo 12, 1114

Den er.. 97½ 98
Lastern 6s128% 129
KC. 8& Mosilo 12, 1114

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Barte

Captain Unger Held Without Bail. NEW YORK, February 7 .- Captain Edbutchery of August Bohle, whose dismem-bered body he shipped in a trunk to Baltimore, and who made a confession of his crime, was arraigned today at the Tombs Police Court and held for trial without bail.

A clergyman after years of suffering from that loathsome disease. Catarrh, and valuity trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sonding a self-acdressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth street. New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

BILL NYE

Reads the First Number of the Retina.

Merits of His Son's New Paper.

The Part of the Salutatory Bill Liked So Much.

Highly Ornamental and Well- schooner two Written Essays.

One Crushed Raspberry Cow, Good Milkster, for Sale.

> [Chicago News.] AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

December 20, 1886. MY DEAR SON-Your first letter written since you started your paper at New Bolony was received yesterday. We felt glad to hear that you had got located in a business | are! for yourself, and it made me feel proud to get a copy of the paper which you call the I do not know why you call it the Retina. Still, the Bolony Retina sounds kind of fulsome and didactic.

Retina I always supposed was kind of a term, and I would be just fool enough if I started a paper to call it the Sciatica or the Polypus at Work. It's won-derful how people run to new names these days, and a plain man with a commonschool education has to go groping along through the world the best he can. I pre-sume that, with your thorough and florid education, such a word as Retina don't stump you for a minute, but with me it's different. I am a rough, hard-working an and always been busy all my life. One man and always been busy all my life. One of the neighbors asked me night before last why I hadn't ever joined the Knights of Labor, and I told him that I'd always been too busy.

I like the tone of your editorial piece on the inside of your paper, which is entitled Salutatory. I like it where it goes on to say as follows:

"We shall strive in season and out of season to advocate the resources and liabilities of New Bolony as a health resort and county seat. Our voice will even be heard in clariou tones, putting its shoulder to the

season to advocate the resources and liabilities of New Bolony as a health resort and county seat. Our voice will even be heard in clarion tones, putting its shoulder to the wheel of progress and tramping on oppression with both feet.

"We shall send the Retina to every quarter of the globe, so that New Bolony, with its wealth of picturesque valley, hill and dale, together with its new court house and health-giving atmosphere, will be known of wherever the English language is spoken.

"It is true that the editor of this paper has just emerged from college, and is still young, but he has had some experience in writing for a college paper, and he knows what the needs and wants of the people are. He is aware that the class of readers who will peruse the Retina will not be so refined or cultivated, perhaps, as his college readers were, but he will try to make himself understood, and we think we will be successful."

"We shall constantly improve the Retina

"We shall espouse the cause of no party or faction for the present, preferring to remain neutral for the time being, hopping on to the erroneous, ever and anon, however, as circumstances may arise, which will seem to call on us for a word

at this time, but when hydra-headed wrong emerges from its hole the casual observer will see us knock seventeen distinct varieties of tar out of said hydra-headed wrong, and those who carefully observe our course while conducting the Retina will notice that there are no flies on it.

"We have quite a number of our best essays and orations prepared while we were attending school and college, which will appear from time to time in these columns. They are carefully and exhaustively written, and entirely cover the ground. Among these we may name the following titles:

"The American Indian-His Glorious Past and "The American Indian-His Glorious Past and His Opaque Future.

His Opaque Future.

"The Care and Discipline of Children from an Unpartisan Standpoint.

"The Disagreeable Results of Crime—Necessity for Exercise Among the Laboring Classes.

"Demosthener as an Off-Hand Speaker.

"How to Reclaim Giddy Parents—Where is Your Parent T—Night?

"Criticisms on the Present Imperfect Plan of Salvation.

ing. Don't you think I also have grounds for divorce?"

"Why, certainly. Go to some lawyer and tell him what a loafer and brute your husband is and you'll have no trouble."

"Did you say loafer and brute?"

"Yee, ma'am. He ought to be tarred and feathered and road on a rail."

"Don't you say that. s.r.!" she hotly exclaimed, "and don't you dare call my husband a loafer and a brute!"

"But isn't he?"

"No, sir. He'some of the kindest and best husbands in Detroit, and if you talk about him I'll have you up for slander. The idea! Don't you never dare to speak to me again—never!"

CAMPAIGNING WITH BANKS

A Whole Army Engaged in Gathering Cotton.

Rebels Watching for Colonel Chickering and His Train of Beoty.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

A captain who attempted teaching nau-

ticalism to a party of ladies on a yacht, not

Lady No. 1-"Now, captain, what is a

L. (pointing to a schooner)-"Is that a

C.-"No, that is a schooner. A sloop has

but one mast; a schooner has two, as you see. Now remember — sloop one mast,

L-"Certainly. How many masts has a ship?"

C.—"Three."
L.—"How many masts did you say a sloop

C.—"One. Sloop one mast, schooner two,
L. (pointing to a standard)

"Well, what has three masts?"

(whose interest in the locality of lub-

Wanted to Se'l. [Arkansaw Traveler.] A Chinaman, Ah Wing Boo, having scalped himself and joined the society for

Captain—"A sloop has but one mast."

ong since, fared as follows:

They May do Better Themselves Next

Rebols Watching for Colonel Chickering The Soft Blandishments Which Ensure Some Early Reminiscences by an Old

How the Gallant Colonel Succeeded Perhaps, if They Will Read it Carefully,

in "Yankeeing" the Spies.

s king, for the army is doing nothing else ut gathering cotton. An expedition, consisting of the One Hundred and Sixty-second New York Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Blanchard, and one section of artillery, Company B. First Louisiana Cavalry, went out to examine the road and the bay on Courtableau. General Grover's division was ordered to encamp there, and all coton, sugar and molasses was delivered there, and instead of being commissiariage for the rebels, the rebels were furnishing us with supplies to be shipped to New Orleans and Brasher City. The drilling was omitted on account of the heat. A grand review by Banks and Emory. The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment and Third Massachusetts Cavalry made their first appearance at this review mounted on horses and mules of every description, creating considerable merri-

ship three.

L. (vointing to a sloop)—"Is that a mounter of the control of the co An order was read announcing the arrival of Colonel Grierson's cavalry at Baton Rouge, after a successful raid through Mississippi. General orders were read by General banks congratulating the army on sits success, and stating that he now held the key to the position, and the rebel armies were defeated and demorali ed. The lock must be terrible rusty, for the rebels very easily broke it a few weeks afterwards. Forward, march, and the army moves again, Arriving at Alexandria, on the Red river, which had been captured by Admiral Porter's gunboat, May 14, we are off again, twenty miles a day, back over the old road as far as Chaineville, and there the direction of the army was changed in the direction of the army was changed in the direction of the Mississippi, arriving at Alexandria, on the Atchafalays of the rest of the troops were, carried on steamers to Bayou Sara, and also the troops at Morganza were landed there, pushing on into the interior, passing through the village of St. Francisville, where we encamped for the interior, passing through the village of St. Francisville, where we encamped for the interior, passing through the village of St. Francisville, where we encamped for the interior, passing through the village of St. Francisville, where we encamped for the interior, passing through the village of St. Francisville, where we encamped for the interior, passing through the village of St. Francisville, where we encamped for the interior, passing through the rity-second Massachusetts Infantry was mounted and called the Third Cavalry, and Twenty-iith, Ninetietin New York, with one company of the Thirteenth Connecticut and Twenty-iith, Ninetietin New York, with one company of the Thirteenth Connecticut and Twenty-iith, Ninetietin New York, with one company of the Thirteenth Connecticut and the Twenty-second Massachusetts, Maine is the troops were annotation and Twenty-sixth Maine. An order was read announcing the arrival C.—'Well, what has three masts?"
L.—'A-a sloop,"
C.—''Sloop! Sloop has one mast, I tell
you; schooner two, ship three.''
Lady No. 2—'Why, Jane, how stupid you
are! A schooner always has one mast."
L. (chatty, and quite oblivious of stupidity)—'What is a brig?''
C.—''A brig has two masts, and is rigged
like a ship with square sails."
Lady No. 2—'Jane, look at this sloop coming along." Lady No. 2— Jane, look at this sloop coming along."

C.—"That's a schooner; don't you see the two masts? Sloop one mast, schooner two masts, ship three masts."

L.—"Are those schooners there with three masts."

masts?"
C.—"Yes."
L.—"I thought you said a schooner had but one mast?"
C.—"Two! two masts! Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three."
L.—"But that schooner has three masts."
C.—"Well, it is a three-masted schooner."
L.—"Then a schooner can have any number of masts?" ber of masts?"
C.-"No. Sloop one mast, schooner two
and sometimes three masts, ship three sed and Fourteen a wenty-sith. Ninetieth New York, with one smpany of the Thirteenth Connecticut and he Twenty-second and Twenty-sixth Maine and a section of Nims Massachusetts Batery under the command of Thomas E. month previous.
On arriving at St. Martinsville, Colonel C.—"No; it's a schooner! Sloop one mast,

Chickering learning from his trusted scouts that the enemy were in ambush just beyond the town, at once crossed the Teche and marched rapidly to New Iberia, where he found the steamer J. M. Brown, laden with oner two, ship three.

"How many masts has a man-o'-war?"

"Three."

-"Well, what's the difference between found the steamer J. M. Brown, laden with supplies for his troops unloading the supplies. They were at once distributed amongst the various regiments. The steamer was at once laden with cotton, sugar, corn and molasses, and with 100 contratous as ailed for Brasher City. From New Iberia the march was resumed toward Franklin, and the warlike caravan entered this pretty little secesh town amid the reverberation of the different bands and the choruses of the regiments, swelling with the notes of the various camp songs, our glorious colors proudly fluttering their silken folds over the serried ranks, all tending to form a thrilling and beautiful picture. Perhaps you can form some sort of an idea of the gigantic proportions of one of these wagon trains when we tell you that a man-0'-war and a smack?"

C.—(Groans and is silent)

L.—(What are those sticks across the masts of that schooner, captain?"

C.—"That's not a schooner. Schooner two masts, ship three. Sloop one. That's a ship. Those are the yards which hold the sails."

L.—(Oh!" "What are business of that schooner, cap...

C.—"That's not a schooner. Schooler assts, ship three. Sloop one. That's a ship frose are the yards which hold the sails."

L.—"Oh!"

C. (encouraged)—"Now the first yard on the fore topsail yard, the third is the fore topsail yard."

L.—"What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?"

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L.—"What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?"

L.—"What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?"

L.—"What is that yard sticking straight this pretty little section of the regiments, swell."

I.—"Oh!"

L.—"What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?"

L.—"What is that yard sticking straight the product of the various camp songs, out the notes of the various camp songs, out the verbing of the various camp songs, out the this pretty little section of the various

the totality of lubbers sud enly ceases)—"Isn't that a pretty
ship sailing along?"
C.—"Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner,
ma'am. Schooner two masts, ship three,
sloop one, I tell you."
I.—Can a sloop have two masts?"
C.—"Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship
three." C.—"Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three."
Lady No. 2—"How many masts has a ship, captain?"
C.—"Ship three masts, schooner two, sloop one."
L.—"Yes, I know. Schooner one—no two masts, sloop two—no three, ship one.
There!"

"The Stage, most of complete for the complete of the complete

a fabulous number of cattle. While the Forty-first Massachusetts was stationed at Berrie's Landing, 5000 bales of cotton were sent from that point besides immense quantities of sugar and molasses, and it is estimated that upwards of 10,000 negroes han been sent from Berrie's Landing to Brashear City and Algiers.

Frank M, Flynn.

BOOK CANVASSING.

Success to the Wily Word Slinger

and How He Acquires Them.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Well," said the canvasser, putting his portfolio on an adjacent desk, while he presented his autograph album and produced pen and ink from a secret recess in his vest, Now let me tell you that gall is not such a pre-eminent ingredient in a book canvass-April 27 the army settled down. Cotton er's make-up as you and a great many other

"Now let me tell you that gall is not such a pre-eminent ingredient in a book canyasser's make-up as you and a great many other persons seem to imagine. Our first lessons are taken from the Bible, which teaches meekness and humility. A real book canyasser never loses his temper; he never gets angry; he never argues; but he sradually leads the conversation into pleasant channels, and makes life as agreeable and emoyable to all around him as he possitly can. The only resistance a true canvasser will make to anybody is when his calling is impeached. He is early taught to stand up for the honor of his calling, in spite of all that may be told him of it. There are black sheep in every flock, and all men should not be held responsible for the sins of a few.

"The best way, though, to illustrate our teachings is to tell you how we work—and all we do comes out of our course of study, as you call it—our book of instructions, as we call it. We depend on ourselves to the largest possible extent. Sometimes we have a helper, that is, a gentleman or lady of a certain neighborhood who, in consideration of a free copy of the book, introduces us to certain people, but the great trouble about helpers is that they insist on talking and recommending your work after. introducing you, thereby displaying their interest and injuring your prospects. It is harder tokeep the helpers' quiet than to get along without them, so I choose not to have them. The power of influence we, of course, fully recomize—but it is the influence of example by leaders either in society or business. For this reason we are always glad to have good names to show—some names in the building, in the block or in the immediate neighborhood. On approaching a gentleman whose subscription we desire to secure we have several things to consider, and I shall mention them in their order. We generally ascertain the gentleman's name, and we make it a point never to forget a name ouce acquired. It is pleasanter and more effective to call a man by his name when you meet him th

cover we explain all its good points, putting our descriptions into the best words we can master. We keep cool, do not hurry; are concise and direct in our language, and try master. We keep cool, do not hurry; are concise and direct in our language, and try never to weary or worry our customer. Then we secure the order. As soon as the customer shows signs of yielding, we have pen and ink ready—we always carry ink—and obtain his siznature while his mood is favorable. After getting the signature we keep away from the subscriber until we are ready to eliver the book, and the delivery is made at a time when we know the subscriber has money—when he gets his salary if a working man, and after crop time if he lives in the country.

"Objections? Oh, gracious, yes, we hear plenty of objections. We are taught to expect them, and we train ourselves to meet and answer them. In doing this we aim to be pleasant and happy, without being offensively smart, and we avoid, as far as possible, direct answers or labored arguments. Agents who are afraid to depend on their own facilities in such emergencies have a manual from which they may study and memorize answers to the ordinary objections which are offered."

STIRRING DAYS AT YALE.

Warm-Blooded Students Who Loved Excitement.

Time Police Sergeant.

History of the Riot and Killing of Pat O'Neil, the Fireman.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., February 3 .- "I tell you I ran like a young whitehead and was anxious to see my mamma's face, more s than I had ever been before," said Sergeant Lent Bishop of the New Haven police force, who has been on duty more than a score of years, and who is now a stalwart member of the defenders of the peace, of 47 years of age. The sergeant was in a chatty mood, and was giving some of his recollections of the troubles between "town and gown" that have existed in this city between the Yale University students and the young men of the city for the past century or more. The sergeant went on:
"I can remember when the boys of the

town used to believe that the Yale students were regarded as regular desperadoes. There were many of them from the South-ern States, particularly from Virginia, ern States, particularly from Virginia, south Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana. That was before the war, and the sons of the rich planters used to be sent North to Yale and Harvard to get an education. Most the rich planters used to be sent North to Yale and Harvard to get an education. Most of them were very weaithy, and for the sake of having a profession they tried to make lawyers and doctors of themselves. But there were very few who wanted to prepare for the ministry. They were high young bloods, and almost every one of them they were fired with wine or brandy they would use them as quick as chain lightning on the slightest provocation."

The sergeant is a tall and active man about 200 pounds, and has since his advent on the force seen some pretty tough scrimmages with various malefactors. On being asked whether there was as much trouble nowadays as in the old times heretofore mentioned, he replied:

"Perhaps not. There is now a large and well-disciplined force of policemen and the students are well aware that if there were any such scenes as caused me, a boy of 13, to run for my father's hearthstone for safety, that the entire police force, aided by the local militia, would be at once let loose upon the young rioters."

"Was there not at one time great danger of a riot, and was not a man killed, and did not the town boys attempt to bombard Yale College with a cannon?" asked The Globe correspondent.

"Ah! now, my boy, you're talking," and

That was before the war, and the sons of the rich planters used to be sent North for the the rich planters used to be sent North for the the planter of the planters and the sent of the planters and the planters are planters and the planters and the planters and the planters are planters and the Agents who are afraid to depend on their own facilities in such emergencies have a manual from which they may study and memorize answers to the ordinary objections which are offered."

MRS. ARP AND THE SICNS.

She Doesn't Believe in Them, but Haze Considerable Human Nature About Her.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

Mrs. Arp knows all the signs. She does not believe in them, of course, for they have fooled her too often, but somehow when the sign betokens good it seems to cheer her up,

the evening of the 22d the advance hall be supposed at the reville, and the weary sentine is paced up and down their posts, anxiously listening of the welcome foot stops against the welcome foot the posts and the posts and the posts are stated to the rear of the rear to prevent any surprise in large numbers and to dispress the cowardly guerillas that followe, in the track of the train, annoying us constantly evidently with the intention of harassing us to see that the area of the train annoying us constantly evidently with the intention of harassing us to see the same that a rapid advance. Would be impossible.

In the meantime other messengers came in reporting that General Moulton, son of the ex-governor of Louisiana, with Brizad dier-General Greene, were but a short distance in our rear, with 5000 men, including a large number of Texans. It was very plain that Moulton's object was to engage our rear, and then, by a coup-de-main, endeavor to flank the entire division. Lopon discovering this scheme. Colonel Morgan of the train to move on. Colonel Morgan of the train to move on. Colonel Morgan of the train to move on. Colonel Morgan of the first that a rapid advance our rear, and then, by a coup-de-main, endeavor to flank the entire division. Lopon discovering this scheme. Colonel Morgan of the first that a rapid division in the cast the sum of the cast the colonel Morgan of the most knows nothing about it, not hope of the Nineteenth New York, whose regiment formed the rear guard, was instructed to retreat, giving battle, and at the same time protect the rear of the train. Colonel Morgan of the most work of the sum of the colonel many proposed in the colonel many proposed in the most knows nothing about it, not hope of the colonel many proposed in the sum of the colonel many proposed in the colonel many proposed

five of the students were brought in altogether the worse for wear. One poor sophomore had received a blow on the head, and the blood ran down his face and along his drab fall overcoat, and formed a puddle in which he stood. But he was good grit and said to the police captain. 'I tell you, 'cap.' this is pretty tough. This is downright brutality to 'knock out' a fellow in this style. I know the chappie who did it, though. Don't forget it.' But although several arrests were made nothing came of it. The firemen were well satisfied, as the collegians re eived pretty rough treatment. There has always been, and there always will be, hard feelings between the students and the veteran firemen. Whether there will be trouble this winter at their annual ball remains to be seen. It is pretty certain that the 'fire laddies' will be prepared for emergencies and have a large number of police present. If the latter are unable to quell any disturbance the 'vets' may again take maiters in their own hands, in which event they will take care of themselves." MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. B. Prepares a Grand Surprise for His Wife, and Really Does Surprise Her When the New Cow Comes. Detroit Free Press.1

"What d've think?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he rushed into the sitting-room without taking time to leave his hat and overcoat on the hall rack.

"Some of our relations dead?"
"Relations? Naw! Mrs. Bowser, for the past two or three weeks I have been prepar-Relations? Naw: Mrs. Bowser, for the past two or three weeks I have been preparing a surprise for you—a great surprise. How much milk do we use around this house daily?"

"Three quarts of milk and a pint of cream."

"Exactly, Mrs. Bowser, exactly. And the cost is twenty-four cents. You call it milk, but what is it? A compound of chalk and water, which must kill us inside of five years."

"And are you going to change milkmen?"

"Exactly, Mrs. Bowser. I am going to be my own milkman after this!"

"You aren't going to—to—"

"Yes, I'm going to buy a cow!"

"How foolish! You might just as well go and buy us a flock of sheep!"

"Mrs. Bowser. I'm going to pay \$1 68 a week for chalk and water when I can keep a cow on seventy-fivecents a week and have from ten to fourteen quarts of pure milk daily."

"But you always get cheated on such

comes near!"
"Mrs. Bowser, you go in and attend to your gossip and that wall-eyed baby, and don't you dare to come near this barn again! You have become cross-eyed and soft-headed!"

HOW THE SHAH LIVES.

tone reminds his majesty that it is the hour of prayer. A "moonfaced" maiden approaches, bearing a basin and ewer of gold;

who is also suberimeneant of the arsenar and the head of the medical department. called by the singular name of hakeem-u,-mamolek, or physician of the emp.re. This functionary is a Persian who graduated at the medical college of Paris. He has for his colleagues several other physicians, including Dr. Tholozan, a French practitioner, who enjoys the conndence of the Shah and reads to him the leading foreign journals. During a recent severe illness the Shah called to his assistance Dr. Cochrane, a talented American missionary physician residing in Persia.

As it is yet early morning it is evident that these dignitaries were obliged to rise even earlier than the Shah in order to be present at this morning audience. One by one they raise the perdeh or massive embroidered portiero, and enter the presence of the dread sovereign, who holds their lives and fortunes in his fist, and is styled the asylum of the universe and the king of kings. The latter title at least is capable of reasonable explanation. For in the periods of her former greatness a monarch might well be considered kings of kings.

and the control of th

iously affect our nascent prestige among such a people as the Persians, and I was soon informed that such was indeed the re

Details of the Life of the Kings of Kings.

Some of the Pelights and Perplexities of the Persian Ruler.

Remarkable Statements Made in the Official Journals.

By S. G. W. Benjamin, Recently United States room and the following the following

BRIC-A-BRAC. A Domestic Idyl.

Harner's Bazar.

After the baby came how changed the place! The old home brightened with a newer grace! The roses grew more thickly round the door, And softer were the sunbeams on the floor; Full sweeter was song of every bird From that glad day his little voice was heard Crowing and cooing in such queer delight— But there was more walking done at night, After the baby came,

No Fun in It. [Somerville Journal.] It is a question whether a man can eve be an angel. But if men cou dn't there is a

general belief that women wouldn't want The Apple-Blossom. [Gertrude H. Ring.]

A little apple-blossom fluttered down And lightly came between the lips of two
Who just that moment would have 'changed's

But for the warning that the light breeze blew She started back, and with a nervous laugh

Refused his kiss, and in her rosy hand Gayly held up the dainty cup of pink
Loosed and set floating by some fairy wand. And so she kept it for a little while.

And in a few short, fleeting months from the Writing, "An emblem of the hearts of men." The Economy of Nature

Deacon Bucrag (to Sunday School class)-Yes, dear children, everything in this world

some good purpose.
Small scholar (thirsting for information)-What good does a pig's tail do the pig? Difficult to Suit. Old Scrap Book. "I do not like a man that's tall;

A man that's short is worse than all.

has its use. There is nothing, however small or trifling, that was not intended for

I much abhor a man that's fat; A man that's lean is worse than that. A young man is a constant pest; An old one would my room infest. Nor do I like a man that's fair; A man that's black I cannot bear. A man of sense I could not rule; And yet I would not wed a fool

A sober man I would not take; A drunken man my heart would break. All these I most sincerely hate. And yet I love the marriage state."

[Tid Bits.] The sound of breaking glass was heard through the dining-room. "What is it, Joseph? Have you broken another goblet?" "Yes; but I was real fortunate this time.

In Luck.

THE FATAL NAME

Continued from the Third Page

The employe sneered.
"In strangling me," he muttered.
Then he added:
"In short, this is the whole of the matter, I am your lather, still your master. Your disobedience has rendered you unworthy of pity. Tomorrow I shall take measures to the end that you may become, as soon as possible, the wife of the man I have chosen for you, even if it is necessary, as you have already said to me, to drag you to the mayor's office and to the altar. And never speak to me of the man spain!"

And M. Drouet went into another room. Paule did not attempt to insist, but sought her mother's eyes.

Inext day he was released."
"And I shall see him?"
"This evening. He will surely come this evening."
"Mademoiselle Drouet leaped with joy.
"Mademoiselle Drouet leaped with joy.
"No.," she said. "nothing will prevent me from being his, My father has driven me from his house."
"You will remain here. . . You are at home."
"Yes. I will accept your hospitality till the day when I can leave the church in his arms."
Paule did not attempt to insist, but sought her mother's eyes.

her mother's eyes.
She tried to throw herself into her arms.
but Madame Drouet almost pushed her

way, saying:
"Your father is right." "Your lather is right."
She went to her room.
Her very heart was breaking.
Octave arrested; this was the last blow.
She sank at the foot of her bed, clasping her hands, and a cry escaped from her lips, a cry of despair and anguish:
"My God! my God!let me die!"

CHAPTER V.

A fortnight passed in the home of the nets in silent, heavy hostility. Paule, er lost sight of, had succeeded only with brouets in Shent, heavy nostinly. Failly, never lost sight of, had succeeded only with the greatest difficulty in whispering to Aurelia the words we have reported. She also had taken a decision. She resisted no longer. The preparations for the marriage went on about her, without her seeming to pay any attention. Ernest Briare came to the house, sent flowers. As soon, as he appeared, Paule shut herself up in her room. She took the bouquets and threw them in the fire. A dressmaker came to try on her wedding dress. She let her do it. Several times Ernest Briare, discomfited, had been on the point of releasing her; but her father beld him.

"It is a passing caprice," he said. "Once she is married, her mood will change."

Ernest Briare, who loved Faule, and on the other hand, was tormented by his own father, resisted no longer, but let things take their course.

heir course.
The day so much desired by M. Drouet, so nuch dreaded by Paule, dawned at last. It ras clear and sunny enough for a holiday, in the morning Madame Drouet entered be young girl's room on tiptoe.
Paule was not asleep.
She held out her arms to her, very much bettened.

Paule dried her eyes, sat up, and said with resolution:

"My heart alone will I obey."

Her mother looked at her in terror.
She had an intuition that Faule was meditating some new project of revolt.

She stood as if petrified.

The young girl dressed herself.
All her emotion had disappeared.
A cold resolution could be discovered in her eyes.

"At what hour?" she asked; "is the

'At what hour?" she asked; "is the marriage to take place?"
"The carriages are to come at 10 o'clock."
Madame Drouet went out for a moment.
Under the strain on her nerves, Paule

sank on her knees ank on her knees.
She made a single prayer.
"My God, give me strength!"
A moment later her mother re-entered, ringing the white dress, the veil, the cloves and the orange-blossoms.
"I am going to help you dress."
"If you wish to, mother."
The toilet was quickly made.
Paule seemed to be in a hurry to finish, as f she were awaiting the marriage impaintly.

tiently. Her father came to inquire how she was progressing.
She responded briefly:
"I am getting on very well, I thank you."

He added: "What do haughty air "Your litt." "I will accept them."
In fact, a moment afterwards, he was announced. His father accompanied him.
Ernest, in full dress, was pale and fever-

He trembled in every limb, as if he were on the point of committing some wicked Paule appeared, accompanied by her Never had Ernest Briare seen her look so

retty. He rose quickly and made a start towards er, a start which the young girl's look cut her, a start which the young girl's look cut short.

He let his eyeglass fall, bent himself double, tried to think of a compliment, but not succeeding, contented himself with stammering some unintelligible words. Paule hardly looked at him.

She seemed to walk as in a dream.

The arrival of the witnesses put an end to this embarrassing situation.

M. Drouet looked at his watch.

"Ten o'clock," he said.

At that moment the janitor came up to say that the carriages had arrived.

The father, impatient to have this painful ceremony over, offered his arm to his daughter.

while.
But their turn came at last, and the mayor began to ratile off the ceremony provided by law. When he asked Ernest

Briare:
"Monsieur Ernest Onesime Briare, do you "Monsieur Ernest Onesime Briare, do you consent to take for your only and legitimate wife, Mademoiselle Paule-Marie-Emilienne Drouet?"

Ernest raised his head, adjusted his eyeglass, and responded in the affirmative, without daring to look at his involuntary betrothed.

The mayor bowed, and, addressing the young girl, said:
"Mademoiselle Paule-Marie-Emilienne Drouet, do you consent to take for your only and legitimite husband M. Ernest-Onesime Briare?"

Paule started suddely.
Her whole will resisted.
She looked at the mayor with tears in her eyes, and then answered three times in a

eyes, and then answered three times in a vibrating voice:
"No, no, no."
The magistrate started.
Every body arose in confusion.
The father, beside himself, rushed towards his daughter.
Ernest Briare remained with open mouth, bewildered.
The mother threw herself between the father and the daughter.
M. Briare de Reuilly, the witnesses, all seemed nonplussed.
Four of them seized M. Drouet, who was gesticulating, his eyes starting from his head.
With his hand, the magistrate tried to quiet every one.

Quiet every one.
Paule alone remained unmoved. She regretted nothing. The father cried, restrained by the wit nesses:
"Go then! go then! you are no longer my daughter! Never appear again before me!"
The mother fell into a chair in a nervous

Ernest Briare had also fallen. His father, beside him, was livid, as if thunderstruck. After such a scandal, there was no more hope.
One of the witnesses, by the advice of the mayor, had approached Paule and tried to make her reconsider her decision.
She replied: "No! never!" in a tone so firm that he was obliged to cease entreating

her.

And, in the midst of the noise, could be heard the voice of M. Drouet:

"Go sway! go away!"

The magistrate, seeing that her resolution could not be shaken, said to one of the witnesses: "Take her away. Perhaps he will then call m himself."

nesses: "Take her away. Perhaps he will then calm himself."

This witness approached Paule and offered her his arm.

The young girl seemed not to understand.
"We must leave here. Your father will

"I will not let you go alone."

"I will not let you go alone."

The witness signalled a passing carriage, and, in spite of the young girl, he got in with her, and it was well that he did, for they had not been inside five minutes when Paule, who had been sustained up to that

time by the tension of her nerves, had a sudden shock and lost con-ciousness.

The employe, beside timself, stopped the carriage, sought a pharmacy, and ha Paule carried there; then, when the young girl had recovered, they resumed their journey and arrived at Asneres without further incident.

When Aurelia saw her friend arrive, all in white, her veil torn, her garland of orange blossoms broken. She understood all. She fell on her neck and drew her in.

The witness returned alone to Paris, and, on the way he tried to comprehend the cause of the singular events in which had just unexpectedly mingled.

His confission was as great at the end of the singular events in which he are the fixed in the properties.

The weeken the moment when she would believed herself to have would least expect him, at the moment when she would believed herself to have out of the outer do not end of the sum of the outer do not end the saw her come out of the church on the sam of Octave, the man whom he so much hated, he was no longer master of himself. His reason ab indone him entrely, and it was seen, that he awaited the couple whom religion, after the law, had just united.

Happolly the witnesses, Octave and other assistants he heard Paule's cry, comprehend the rigger, and, perhaps, commit an irreparable crime.

The would least expect him, at the moment when she would believed herself to have would heast expect him, at the moment when she would believed herself to have would heast expect him, at the moment when she would believed herself to have out of the sum of the church on the sam her come out of the church on the sam her come out of the outer che hard happiness. When he saw her come out of the outer her am out of the sum of the sam her che had him entrely and it was no longer master of himself. His reason abundoned h

have rushed upon her father and Ernest Briaro, if they had not given him occasion to do so—if they nad not, by their attitude by their words, perhaps, excited his fury. The mother also looked at her ausghter. She spoke for him. The spoke of the shade o

Added:
"You have something to say to me?"...
"Nothing serious....I came to ask
you to serve me as a second.".
"You serve me as a second.".

you to serve me as a second.".
"You are going to fight?"
"Yes, the silliest affair.".
"And with whom?"
"A man whom I saw last evening for the first time.
I do not recall his n. ie, but I have his card."
And, taking out his pocket-book the new comer drew out a card which he handed his friend.

The latter took it, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and then passed it to Octave.
"Ernest Briare!" cried the latter, who could not conceal his astonishment.
"You know him, monsieur?"
"Yes, my friend knows him a little," said the colonel, to give Octave time to recover

the colonel, to give Octave time to recover himself.

"He is an employe in the Department of Public Works. A disagreeable, impertinent face. I slapped it on both cheeks."

"What had he done?"

"He had been staring at me insolently."

"Where?"

"In a restaurant, last evening. . . I was with a little lady."

The colonel smiled.

"And that is all that passed between you?"

"Everything. . This morning, I received his seconds, two fellows whose cards I have also."

The visitor searched his pocket-book again.

clear up."

He held out his hand, which the young

again.

He gave them to the colonel.

"There they are. . . I said that I would put them in communication with my seconds at 3 o'clock. . . Will you be at liberty at 3 o'clock?"

"Perfectly. . . Where are we to meet?" "At your rooms, if it is not inconvenient

for you."
"Not at all." "I will notify Captain Merle," . . . "That is your other second?" You know him." "Yes. . . You know him." "Then I can count on you?"

"Then I can count on you?"
"Absolutely."
"At three o'clock?"
"At three o'clock?"
"The captain will be here at quarter before three."
"I shall be here after two."
"I he visitor prepared to take his leave.
"Ah! and the conditions?" asked the colonel.
"Those of the enemy . . . sword or pistol; it is all the same to me. . He is the offended party. . . You will arrange it to your fancy. . . . lam not absolutely anxious to kill him."
And the colonel's friend withdrew with a joyous air.

And the colonel's friend withdrew with a joyous air.
The colonel accompanied him to the door, and then returned to Octave.
"Here is a coincidence!" he murmured.
"Yes, it is strange." said our friend, who had stood by with the air of a dreamer.
The officer still held in his hand the two carus which his friend had given him.
He had not yet glauced at them.
At that moment only he looked at them and started violently.
"Upon my honor!" he cried, "here is something still more surprising!"
Octave looked at him with a questioning air.

Octave looked at him with a questioning air.

"M. Drouet," said the colonel, "M. Drouet is one of Ernest Briare's seconds."

Octave started feverishly.

"M. Drouet!" he repeated,

"I shall not need," said the colonel, "to make him a visit. He will come here."

Then, suddenly, as if an idea had occurred to him, he asked:

"Has your rival, M. Ernest Briare, recently had some misfortunes in his family?"

"His father was compromised in the

cently had some mistortunes in his family?"

"His father was compromised in the affair of the Society of Ores."

"Has he not been arrested?"

"He must be in prison now."

The colonel made a movement of satisfaction, and hell out his hand to Octave.

"Go back to your wife again," he said, "and do not be anxious. I have my solution."

She trembled.

"Today?"

She became very pale. She had understood.

She ran to him, terrified, and put her hand on his arm.

"What are you going to do?"

And she tried to detain him.

He released himself abruptly.

"What I am going to do?" he said. "My duty! A fatter ought to be present at the marriage of his daughter."

And before she could utter a cry, he had disappeared.

M. Drouet knew that the marriage was to

M. Drouet knew that the marriage was to parting.
"Till this evening, colonel," stammered Octavo.
The colonel rang for his orderly.
"I am going to breakfast," he said. "Keep the fire, and put the room to rights. I shall be here at half-past two at the latest."
"Very well, my colonel."

Three o'clock had just struck. We have returned to Colonel du Roc's Captain Merle has been there a quarter of an hour.

The two friends have consulted together in a few words over the affair which brings them again together, and, while waiting for the other seconds, they are talking of the regiment and smoking.

"I hope," said the colonel, suddenly, "that they are not going to keep us waiting!"

He had not finished when a peal of the bell resounded in the hall.

"There they are:"

He threw away his cigar.
Captain Merle did the same, and both assumed the serious attitude usual on such occasions.

The orderly opened the door. Captain Merle has been there a quarter of

colonel, interrupting him, "at the very moment when he so speaks, he is letting his daughter die rather than pardon an unfor-

ment when he so speaks, he is letting his daughter die rather than pardon an unfortunate man who is no more culpable, no more responsible than his friend."

M. Drouet, astounded, uttered a cry. He gazed at his interlocutor as he might have gazed at a supernatural being.

"I am Colonel du Roe," said the speaker, "I was Octave's second against your present client, M. Ernest Briare. I forced the latter to light, to recognize that his adversary was worthy of him, notwithstanding the crime of his father. You have pursued this young man with your hatred, with your onjust contempt. You have sacrificed the happiness, the health, the life, perhaps, of your daughter, for your daughter is dying, monsieur. Octave came just now to tell me came to weep in my arms. Her condition is desperate. She is dying of your obstinacy and of your severity."

M. Drouet covered his head with his

Suddenly, in the deep silence, Paule's

"My daughter! my daughter, here I am; it is I!"

A cry of joy answered him.
Paule sobbed.
"You, you," she murmured. . . . "You forgive me?"
"All is forgotten. . . . I want you to Such Have the Gift of the live!"

"All is forgotten. . . . I want you to live!"

He turned to Octave, offering his hand.
"Forgive me," he said, "for the wrong I have done you."

The young man could only sob.
As for the two women, they did not know whether they were awake or dreaming.
At that moment Octave perceived the colonel, who stood one side.
He understood all.
"It is you, my colonel, it is you to whom I owe all!"
"Do not thank me," said the officer, "I am not a man. I am justice!"

How the Soul of the Great Preacher

Was Converted.

[THE END.]

M. Droute covered his head with his hands.
A cry scaced his lips.
"Is this possible?"
The colonel stopped him.
"But that does not concern us. We are here to arrange the conditions of a duel.
Pardon me. . . I could not control my indignation on hearing you plead the cause of your friend, when you have shown yourself so merciless towards mine. Let us speak of it no longer."
And the colonel was about to motion to his friends and the other seconds to again be seated, when M. Drouet, who had been silent, suddenly burst forth:
It is true, monsieur. I have been hard, I have been unjust. . . passion blinded me. . . I did not reflect. . . but your words have moved me. . . For a long time, since I have been separated from my daughter. since the scene at the church, I struggle (inwardly without wishing to admit it. Today I struggle no longer: I avow myself conquered. My daughter is suffering. Where is she? I wish to see her. If she dies through my fault, you see, I could never console myself."
And Paule's father, nervous, agitated, broke into sobs.
The others were deepty moved.
They thought no longer of the duel.

The trussels spouts were found to be

service and to online to extract the strong order and the strong core and to online to extract the strong order and a strong potators were tried here at the school, in particular that the sailed when half done others cooked in the sailed when half done others are strong to the sailed when half done others are strong to the sailed when the sailed sailed and the sailed when the sailed when the sailed sai nillow, looking in front of her with a terrified gaze.

"My father . . . my father! . . . I curse you in your children!" . . . In your children's children!"

Then she burst into frightful sobs.
Octave seized her hand.
"Paule, Paule," he stammered.
"Do not be afraid," said the lady in black.
"It is I, your mother." said Madame Drouet. "Look, at us, recognize us."

The sick girl repeated:
"My father . . my father. . . I do not wish to die cursed."

Aurelia had advanced.
"We must notify him." she said. "It is impossible that he should not be touched.
She had not finished when the door opened, and a man rushed in."

It was M. Drouet.

He reached the foot of the bed as Paule was still repeating:
"My father, my father! I wish to see him!"

Everyptody had risen, alarmed, almost terrified.

M. Drouet threw himself into Paule's arms.

ACCEPTED OF GOD

by the apostles and by the writers of the gospel all down the centuries. It is the statement of our Lord that there are two sources of knowledge in the world, two processes by which we arrive at truth, two ways in which we understand truth and are oble to appropriate it to currely as It is the control of accepting him. Let us get them to come here to pledge themselves to do the law of God, and when we have done that

half an hour, or until tender. Rub through
a sieve. Melt one tablespoonful butter, add
one tablespoonful butter, add
one tablespoonful four, pour on slowly one
cup hot milk, add the celery. Season with
salt and pepper.

A celery soup may be made from this rule
by adding a great deal more milk, if desired.

The broth in which the birds are cooked
is good for the celery sauce if it can be managed. The sauce should be served as soon
as made, in order to be delicate in flavor.

Brussels Sprouts.

Pick off the dead leaves. Wash in cold
water. Cover with bolling water; add one
teaspoonful salt and one-quarter teaspoonful soda. Cook twenty mmutes.
Drain. Cover with a white sauce, made by
melting one large tablespoonful butter, add
two scant tablespoonful flour, and pour on
more capensive.

The reason that the soda is added to the
water in which these are cooked is to preserve their color, as they are apt to turn
yelow in cooking. Soda is sometimes
added to peas from the roll and the salt
when beginning to cook the vegetables, as
the respect to the kingdom of heaven in the
hast he spiritual power of discernment.

It is always well to add the salt
when beginning to cook the vegetables, as
the responsibility of a sincer to solve and in sympathy
and in pity, even as God pitieth them, because they are unable to see the truth. Do
you ask me if I believe in the inability of a
sincer to solve and understand the truth of
the kingdom of heaven. It is alway has a sincer to solve and in pity, even as God pitieth them, because they are unable to see the truth. Do
you ask me if I believe in the inability of a
sincer to solve and in sympathy
and in pity, even as God pitieth them, because they are unable to see the truth. Do
you ask me if I believe in the inability of a
sincer to solve and in sympathy
and in pity, even as God pitieth them, because they are unable to see the truth of
the kingdom of heaven? I do. I say his
carried to me the solve and the substant of
the kingdom of heaven. De
the kingdom of heaven and th

For if a man remains unregenerate to th

than the wisdom of the man who can God looks spiritually discern the mysteries of the and says.

kingdom of heaven. The man who is wise in Christ is the wisest man in the world, though he may not be able to read or write his name. "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul and the testimonies of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple."

There is not a truer statement anywhere in though he may not be able to read or write his name. "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul and the testimonies of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple." There is not a truer statement anywhere in the gospel than that. If a man conform rigidly to all the statute laws of the State of Massachusetts he becomes a perfect ctizen; if a man goes to Harvard College and conforms to all its rules and regulations he will graduate a finished scholar, and when I say "that the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." I mean the same thing. If a man will submit himself to the law of God it will convert his soul. Let a man do just what God says for him to do and God will have no charge to bring against him, and he will do the converting the soul against him, and he will do the converting the soul against him, and he will do the converting the soul against him, and he will do the converting the soul against him, and he will do the converting the soul against him and he will do the converting the soul against him and he will do the converting the soul against him and he will do the converting the soul against him and he will do the converting the soul against him The young man could only seed.

Age of the two women, they did not know whether a quarter of a first two critereds have consulted together, in a few words were the affaired which brings are not considered to the regiment and smoking.

The young man could only seed the present and smoking.

The young man could only seed the present and smoking.

The young man could only seed the present and smoking.

The young man could only seed the present and smoking.

The young man could only seed the present and smoking.

The young man could only seed the present and smoking.

The young man could only seed the present and seed of the p

come here to pledge themselves to do the law of God, and when we have done that

What Sam Jones Told His Hearers Last Evening. The following schedule of services for the present week has been arranged by the committee baving charge of the revival movement now going on in Boston. Noon meetings will be held on every day, both n Tremont Temple and Faneuil Hall. Sam Jones will preach in the former place on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and in the latter on Wednesday and Friday. On the remaining occasions, the preaching will be by Sam Small. Afternoon and evening be by Sam Small. Afternoon and evening meetings will be held on every day except Saturday, at the People's Church. Sam Small occupying the platform on Tuesday. Thursday and Friday and Sam Jones on Wednesday. Sam Jones will deliver the evening sermons on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and Sam Small on Wednesday. The noon meeting at Tremont Temple on Tuesday, Thursday and saturday will be for women only, while all the Faneuii Hall meetings will be for men only.

The tollowing is Sam Jones' sermon at the People's Church last evening before a crowded audience:

Let us be prayerful tonight, and each one determine for himself that he will get good out of this service. The most profitable sermons that I ever listened to were those when I lost sight of the fact that any one was present except the preacher and myself. And the sermon that will do you the most good is the one

That is Preached at You,

and not before you or behind you or at the and not before you or behind you or at the right or left of you, to the fellow that has got your coat on, and the woman that has got your coat on, and the woman that has got your hat on. Salvation is a personal matter, and so is damnation. You can't get any one to die or be buried for you, and no one will stand beside the final bar of God for you. It is a very personal matter, and we all like personal things in everything but religion. A man owes me \$100, and I want it paid to me personally. And if I want to be married, I want to be personally present when It is done. And I want to be considered the groom of the occasion, and in everything in lite men like personal things, I wish we aid in religion. We will give all the gospel away and take very little to ourselves. The priceless and invaluable things we will give away, and yet we are catching and clasping and holding on to the things that perish in the using. Let us appropriate truth, each one to himself. The text to which we direct your attention is this: "What wait I for? My hope is in God." Here is a very important question, and here is a very wise conclusion. Let us look at that a moment. Notice the first personal pronoun in what wait I for?

What is the city of Boston waiting for, what is the Methodist church, what is the world waiting for, what is my family waitfor? It is none of these, but what wait I for?

Now. brother, if you will let me I will talk with you as a brother tonight. We will sit down just as if we were at home at your fireside and

Talk About this Thing. right or left of you, to the fellow that has

"What wait I for? My hope is in God."
Here is a very wise conclusion. Let us look at that a moment. Notice the first personal pronoun in what wait I for?
What is the city of Boston waiting for, what is the Methodist church, what is the world waiting for, what is my family wait for? It is none of these, but what wait I for?
Now. brother, if you will let me I will talk with you as a brother tonight. We will sit down just as if we were at home at your fireside and

Talk About this Thing,
and I will hear all you have to say, because there are two sides to it, and a poor sinner has got a right to be heard, and I am perfectly willing to give you a hearing. I hear that man out there saying: "Well, sir, I am waiting for time to consider this, man in the universe, and I want time to consider what, brother? Whether you would rather go to heaven than to bell? How much time does a sensible fellow want on a proposition of that sort, whether it is better to do right than to do wrong? Now, will you think a moment? That man says: I don't want to be hurried into this, I don't want to repent in haste, and then repent that I repented at leisure. I want to go into this faithfully. It is contrary to common sense and deceny for a man to say ho is waiting for time to consider a quesiton like that. Meny of you settled it thirty years ago. Isn't it strange that men will talk such nonsense? I would be ashamed of myself, if I were you. "No," another man says, "I am not waiting for time to consider. I am waiting for better terms." Myl my! The cospet is so hard on a fellow. What are the conditions of salvation? Nothing, except that a man cease to do will and learn to do right.

God never asked a man to do anything but what would make men think better of him. God never asked a man not to do nything because He, the Lord didn't like it, but because the kent Lord didn't like it,

And Drink All I Wanted. I would have been in a drunkard's grave by this time. Some people beg leave to

differ from the Lord on that point. What

THE SCHULHOF RIFLE.

The state of the control of the cont

People who have ever been favored by a raw cook with half-cooked onions, will sympathize with the Chinaman in the fo lowing case. The man was very sick, and the doctor enjoined the wife not to let hun have anything indigestible. The man soon died, and on inquiry, the wife said, that a little while before he died he had complained of being hungry, so she made him seventeen onion cakes, which he are greedily. These cakes are composed of onion and everything else which the comrounder can put his hands on. The mass is then chopped into little balls, rolled in tough dough and slightly steamed. A well man might, if his stomach is cast-iron, digest one or two, but seventeen are too many for a sick man. have anything indigestible. The man soon

DWIGHT L. MOODY FUND. How the Evangelist's Friends Would Observe His Birthday.

New York, February 2,—Saturday, February 5, will be the fiftieth anniversary of the birthday of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. Many of his friends in this city are genst. Many of his friends in this city are endeavoring to make the date memorable by raising a fund of money, to be known as the birthday memorial fund for the endowment of the schools for young women and young men established by Mr. Moody at Northfield, Mass. Friends of the evangelist in Great Britain are understood to be moving in the same direction. James Talcott of this city is the transpirer of the fund

t this city is the treasurer of the fund

HEAVEN DEFEND THE RIGHT! When conflict comes 'twixt man and man, 'Tis hard to draw the fine; Or in a ticklish spot like this, Man's duty to define.

For who shall say what man may do When 'tis to strike a desperate blow 'lo win or lose it all? And now that he his bitter fate

In his own hand doth take, The order flashes down the line— The word is, "Make or Break!" Now might stands up in golden mail:

And heaven defend the right!

Alphonse Daudet once declared that as soon as a Frenchman discovers that he has

Nothing, except that a man cease to do evil and learn to do right.

God never asked a man to do anything but what would make men think better of him. God never asked a man not to do anything because He, the Lord, didn't like it, but because it was ruinous to yourself, and God looks at the sinner as hurting himself and says, "Poor fellow, you are just lacer-

"We must leave here to do some harm."
Paule trembled.
"Yes, we will go," she said.
And she took the witness' arm.
When they were outside, the latter asked;
"Where shall I take you? . . . to your

est consideration for monsieur," said Heron-niere, with his teasing air.

And he drew from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, which he held out towards the

ccused. The latter recoiled and made a gesture of disgust.
Mouton stopped his colleague.
"It is needless," he said; "monsieur will not try to escape."
"You have my word," said the old magistrate. trate.
"Oh! your word is not enough for use, but "Oh! your word is hot should have my hands."

And he spread out one of them, as big as a shoulder of mutton.

M. de Reuilly went to his son, who stood dejected and motionless.
"Do not worry," he said; "everything will clear up."

nan grasped mechanically, and then the olicemen drew him away. Ernest remained alone. His first movement was to run to the relt had disappeared — Heronniere had It had disappeared — Heronniere had doubtless carried it away.

He was losing his heau. It was too weak to sustain such a succession of cataclysms. His father arrested; his name disgraced dishonored and ridiculed.

His life ended, his future lost! He sobbed bitterly, and, at this moment, he asked himself if he had done right in being pittless towards an unfortunate man who was, perhaps, no more guilty than he.

perhaps, no more guilty than he.

Let us return to M. Drouet.
Madame Drouet, who had had a violent nervous attack, has been in bed for some days.
Her husband also has had difficulty in recovering from his furious wrath. He had ever been incapable of presenting his excuses to Ernest Briare, to his father and to the witnesses, who remained assiduously about him. None could get a word out of him. When his wife wished to speak to him of Paule, he responded brutally.

tally.

He went no more to the department; he felt incapable of working.

Several days passed, and no news came from Ernest Briare. It was by the newspapers that he learned of the father's arrest.

papers that he learned of the father's arrest.

Madame Drouet, herself was indignant at the conduct of the young girl, and wished to testify her displeasure by her silence.

The husband and wire were still in these hostile moods when a lawyer brought them the first notice of their daughter's approaching majority. The father sneered bitterly. "This caps the climax!" he said.

And, taking the stamped paper, he threw it in the fire.

From this moment his agitation became more violent.

At moments, his eyes glittered; he would is rise abruptly without any seeming cause, and then seat himself in the same way.

His wife became anxious. His wife became anxious.

The second notice came and then the hird.

The second notice came and then the third.

One morning he rose earlier than usual. He dressed in haste, without saying a word, with a tragic air.

His wife looked at him with a terror which she could hardly conceal.

As he was about to cross the threshold, she ventured to ask him:

"Where are you going at this hoar?"
He raised his head, looked at her and then said:

"You will know before the day is over."
And, as he went out, he added:
"It is today."
She trembled.
"Today."
She became very pale. She had understood.

M. Drouet knew that the marriage was to take place in the church of Aeuilly.

He went directly there.
On the way, the fever which tormented him increased still more. He had armed himself, but premeditated nothing. He wished to see. He wished to rise before his disobedient daughter like an avenging

The officer put on his gloves, snapped his willo, and said, in going out, with an air of bray do:
"Now, M. Drouet, we shall see which of us will crush the other!"

CHAPTER VIII.

sign of the pulse of the capet of the second of the capet of the capet

erity."
M. Drouet covered his head with his hands.
A cry escaved his lips.
"is this possible?"
The colonel stopped him.
"But that does not concern us. We are here to arrange the conditions of a duel. Pardon me. . . I could not control my indignation on hearing you plead the cause of your friend, when you have shown yourself so merciless towards mine. Let us speak of it no longer."
And the colonel was about to motion to his friends and the other seconds to again

And Paule's father, nervous, agitated, broke into sobs.

The others were deeply moved.

They thought no longer of the duel.

Moreover, at that moment, the orderly came to bring a letter for the seconus of Ernest Briare.

It declared that he renounced the satisfaction demanded, and that he left France, made desperate by the condemnation, made certain today, of his father. He could no longer remain at the Department, and left for America to seek his fortune, Nothing now detained the colonel and M. Drouet.

They took leave of their companions, and both started for Neuilly.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. In the little room where Paule was lying, pale as the sheets, they had just lighted the lamps.

At the foot of the bed were Octave, his

as the sheets, they had just lighted the lamps.

At the foot of the bed were Octave, his mother, and the mother of Mademoiselle Drouet, who had come without the knowledge of her husband, having been notified of her daughter's condition.

The physician had just left.

He had gone away, leaving them very little comfort, and promising to return in the evening.

Paule had been asleep for a moment, and around her everyone was weeping.

Aurelia, who had not been willing to leave her friend, came and went noiselessly through the room, preparing the drinks and arranging the objects which were lying about the room.

Suddenly, in the deep silence, Paule's voice arose.

The young girl half lifted herself on her pillow, looking in front of her with a terrified gaze.

"My father my father! I curse you in your children!"

Then she burst into frightful sobs.
Octave seized her hand.
"Paule, Paule," he stammered.
"Do not be afraid," said the lady in black.
"It is I, your mother," said Madame Drouet. "Look, at us, recognize us."

The sick girl repeated:
"My father my father. I do not wish to die cursed!"

Aurelia had advanced.
"We must notify him," she said. "It is impossible that he should not be touched softened."
She had not faished when the door opened, and a man rushed in."

It was M. Drouet.
He reached the foot of the bed as Paule was still repeating:
"My father. my father! I wish to see

HOWARD'S LETTER

Are Called Cranks.

Are Called Cranks.

Their Whims, Freaks and Oddities—
Methed Ruling Their Eadness.

Shining Examples Proving the Theory Correct.

Shining Examples Proving the Theory Correct of the Shining Proving Proving Proving Proving Proving Proving Proving Proving

a few years ago was as well known in this last days.

He Was a Butt for the Jibes and jokes and rudeness of men who had not a tithe of his knowledge, but who kept in better check, under greater control, the powers they did nossess.

The count was universally considered a crank.

His fancy for the stage was thought evidence of his partial insanity. His fondness for litigation induced many to think him hare-brained, yet in his day he had been an actor of extraordinary merit, a scholar of unusual attainments, a gentleman along the line of accomplishuents whose equal we rarely meet. It was the fashion to induce the count to play Hamlet, King lear, Othello, and to attend his every entrance with cat calls and songs, and when he strode across the stage to mark time for him, right, left, right, with cat calls and songs, and when he strode across the stage to mark time for him, right, left, right, left, and his performances were scenes of absolute contusion and good-natured joilification, such as were never witnessed on any other occasion. Yet I distinctly recall his interpretation of King Richard as one of the finest intellectual treats I ever enjoyed. His reading was perfect, his elocation admirable, his bearing that which, according to text and understanding, aptly pottrayed the crafty tyrant, whose momentary representative he was. Lawyers tell me that his familiarity with codes and procedure was marvellous.

Was he a success?

Was he a success?

In no sense.

have honest opportunity?

Because he was a competency in argument, with these petty developments of vanity and of self-satisfaction.

When you come to think of it, you will

Haloed His Shapely Head. If he was so well informed a lawyer why did he not have gained cases, and earn a livelihoo? Because in appearance he was queer. He wore a long curly black wig. He dyed his moustache an imperial black. He wore a faded suit of clothes and from his neck depended the insigna of the Legion of Honor. I have in my scrap-book several articles of Snakespearean research from his pen, which are instructive to the last degree, and entertaining as his writing always was. Here then was a man gifted beyond the ordinary mortal in mind and body. He was a handsome fellow, an expert fisherman, a bull's eye marksman, a sportsman in all that that implies, with external graces that harmonized with the kindness of his heart. A man of fine education, scholarly testes and refined instincts, and yet he lived the life of an oddity, and died the death of a neggar. Why? Was he incompetent to manage his own affairs, by a simple rehearsal of extraordinary conduct on her part. She was, she was a woman of unusual mental calibre. The was a centric, his conditions and of the gray mare was simply a "little off." He was eccentric, the store of prominence you dever heard of.

Take Mrs. Stowe, Miss Anna Dickinson. Charlotte Cushman, Patti and scores of less conspicuous people in public and private life, and find confirmation of my assertion. What, for instance, was ever written along the line of imagination more odd or queer or peculiar than the life of Mathilda Heron? Clara Morris' existence is honeycombed with unique developments, which wouldn't be the time and women of prominence vould.

Charlotte Miss Anna Dickinson. Charlotte Cushman, Patti and scores of less conspicuous people in public and private life, and find confirmation of my assertion. What, for instance, was ever written along the line of imagination more odd or queer or peculiar than the life of Mathilda Heron? Clara Morris' existence is honeycombed with unique developments, which wouldn't be telegrated for an instant were it not mense personality. I can't for the life of me see how P If he was so well informed a lawyer why

she was he devlish? No, he was such a stress of the criminal bar in this city was John Graham.

I saw him yesterday, now a very old man. Once he was the fashion. No great murder case could be tried without John Graham.

Later when the infames of Tweed, Sweeney and company were before the public. Graham was chosen as the man among all the leaders of the bar as chief consultant. He defended MacFarlane, the assassin of Albert D. Richardson—and by the way MacFarlane floated to the surface of the guttera few days since, and was sent to a refuge, as Utterly Used Up and Played Out.

She was a woman of unusual mental calibration for as at he Emmons house house in the Emmons house hold was concerned, the gray mare was much the erray mare was in the few tributed as set of the bar and of the bar as chief consultant. He defended MacFarlane, the assassin of Albert D. Richardson—and by the way MacFarlane floated to the surface of the guttera few days since, and was sent to a refuge, as Utterly Used Up and Played Out.

She was a woman of unusual mental calbreands of an at he Emmons house house may be a sit was with he days with was the gray mare was much the gray mare was in the few the better borse. And as it was with her, so it is in ninety-eight out of every hundred cases of insanity, and I doubt me very much fittere is any equity in controlling the personal liberty of any man or worm an account of extravagant demonstration of eccentricity, unless the can be shown that they are dangerous to the community or suicidally inclined.

It is a mad world, my masters.

THE WHISPERING STONES.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham; Very dear Madam: My wife, Arie A. Green, has suffered with a diagrament which caused her unken transfer for the proposal liberty of any man or worm and or count of extravagant demonstration of eccentricity, unless the can be shown that they are dangerous to the community or suicidally inclined.

It is a mad world, my masters.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham; Wy wife, Arie A. Green, has suifered with a diagrament which caused her Utterly Used Up and Played Out.

and unable to do anything for himself-and the list of noted men he formerly defended would fill columns of your paper. Little by meer. He always wore, and wears, a huge

One of the Brightest Men

n his profession; not that he is not kindbearted, as open-handed a man as ever, but because of long continuity in eccentricity

bearted, as open-handed a man as ever, but because of long continuity in eccentricity of dress, of speech, of general bearing toward his fellows, he can show himself to be odd, a little off the general track. Yet who would consider him insane?

Who would say that this man who has every law technicality at his finner's end, who knows more in a minute than scores of the ultra-fashionable lawyers could learn in years, is unable to attend to his affairs or those of his clients, if he were to have any? The weak spot, it seems to me, in men and women who are odd and eccentric in costume and behavior, is not so much that they are odd as that they are intentionally odd. I don't think the Count Joannes was intended him they are intentionally odd. I think it was born in him to be peculiar, and it was an open secret that he had suffered some strange bereavement of an affectional nature, into whose mysteries the public, cursous though they might be, were not permitted to enter. But Graham, born in New York of a well-known New York family, well educated surrounded from his boyhood with all that under or flinary circumstances would make one careful, deliberately costumed himself in this queer and indefensible manner, and that in my judgment is the weak point in his nature.

Who can forget Horace Greeley's affectations for eccentricity?

He was by ite manner of means the fool he resumed to be. That he was ambitious, anxions for public favorand fond of money, who had a feet of the would presume to be showed under the door.—[Utica Gazette.]

All is new; capital not needed; you ar started free. Both sexes. All ages, Where-

Open to Admintion and Flattery, who that knew his life would presume to deny? How then can his affectations of dress, for they were affectations, be accounted for, save on the theory of an unbalanced mind? Did it seem reasonable that a man after years of metropolitan life, at the head of a great, and at the time the greatest journal in America, associating with the first men of his time, identified with all bread movements in the interest of his fellow-more, could, unless by accident, make a gay of himself, incrining, noon and night, unless he did it with intent?

I recall four illustrations of intentional affectation on the part of Horace Greeley.

The first was in Sacramento, Cal. A large and lie was detained on the road. On ar-

rival he was driven to the St. George Holte Some of the People Who

Mr. Greeley was adjusting his toilet and making himself comfortable after a long and teolous stage ride. He reached the bellet of clock hall at 9 o'clock. Was he dressed?

How?
Precisely as when he left the stage coach.
He had not washed his face nor his hands.
He badn't changed a single article of attire from coat to shirt, from collar to boots.
Absolutely covered with dust, with cravat

Was he a success?
In no sense.
If he was so fine an actor, why didn't he experience, his rare power of thought, his painted ability, his world-wide experience, his rare power of thought, his painted ability.

When you come to think of it, you will find evidence of eccentricity in nearly all the men and women of prominence you

little he gained the reputation of being iters to the Capitol are the whispering gueer. He always wore, and wears, a huge Bronic collar turned far over his coat, exposing a vast neck surface. His manner has been been controlled to the most curious of these stones is the boundaries of the most curious of these stones is the long-distance one. The stone is near the fast temper just this side of ungovernable. He, it was, in the Court of General Sessions, when the case of Macfarlane was before Recorder Hackett, who, after a few words with the eding district-attorney, subsequently Judge Noah Davis of the Subreme Court, selved Hackett, who, after a few words with the eding district-attorney, subsequently Judge Noah Davis of the Subreme Court, selved Hackett, who, after a few words with the eding district-attorney, subsequently Judge Noah Davis of the Subreme Court, selved Hackett, who, after a few words with the eding of the subsequently of the subsequently of few and ground his present the subsequently of the subsequently of the subsequently of the subsequently of the stone of the groon's friends was showned to the groon's friends was seen very rarely in the courts, and less frequently on the street, it was said he is "all the off the subsequently of t yronic collar turned far over his coat, be the old House of Representatives. One

Squire Long's office and wanted him to ac-

All is new; capital not needed: you ar ho that knew his life would presume to started free. Both sexes. All ages. Where-

WANTED TO MARRY HER, And Because She Wouldn't He Killed

Her.

New York, February 4.-Five women who were in the boarding-house 339 West Thirty-first street, at 3.45 o'clock yesterday, heard four pistol shots fired on the second floor in quick succession,

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has feit it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, N. Y.

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AND FOR THE BY WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

It relieves pains, promotes a regular and lealthy recurrence of periods, and is of great elip to young girls and to women passing through the Change of Life.

It strengthens the back and the abdominal rgans, bringing relief and comfort to tired women who stand all day in the home, shop or actory. Leucorrhea, Inflammation, Ulceration and Dis-placements of the Uterus have been cured by it in innumerable cases, as patients everywhere gratzfully own. Regular physicians often pre-scribe it.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00. Mrs. Pinkham's Guide to Health is mailed free to any lady sending a stamp to the Laboratory at Lynn. Mass. Mention this Paper.

A Woman Tortured Nine Years from the Incompetency of Physicians-Re-

Mrs. T., a lady residing in a country town in Indiana, tells the following painful story: "I had

A Mischievous Page Plays Havoc With the Feelings of a Bride.

Washington Letter in Baltimore American.]

Among the first curiosities shown the visitors to the Capitol are the whispering stones in the Statuary hall, which used to be the old House of Representatives. One of the most curious of these stones is the long-distance one. The stone is mear the



WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Parties who neclected to invest in Kansas City and Minneapolis real estate at the proper time and missed it, have now another opportunity in Sloux City. Those who did invest in Kansas City and Minneapolis and consequently enriched themselves, are invited to inspect the Coming City of the West. Send for circulars. Address JOHN PEIRCE, See'y, Sloux City, Jowa. Wy12t. d22

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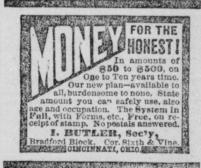
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